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POSTHUMOUS

WORKS

OF

Dr. GEORGE SEWELL,

Late of *Hampstead*, PHYSICIAN.

VIZ.

I. The TRAGEDY of King RICHARD the *First*.

II. An ESSAY on the USEFULNESS of SNAILS in MEDICINE.

III. Two *Moral Essays*, on the *Government of the Thoughts*, and on *Death*.

To which are added,

POEMS on *Several Occasions*,

Published in His LIFE-TIME.

LONDON:

Printed for HENRY CURLL in *Clement's-Inn*.

M.DCC.XX.VIII.

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TO HIS

GRACE

THE

Duke of *Newcaſtle.*

My LORD,

HE OPERA of RICHARD the *Firſt* being the preſent Entertainment of the Court, and my Brother having ſignified to Your Grace, that he was honoured with the Sentiments of Mr. Secretary *Addiſon*, in thinking this a proper Subject for the

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Drama,

Drama, drew ſome Scenes in order to the forming a *Tragedy* thereon.

In the Addreſs to Your Lordſhip prefixed to the laſt Collection of His POEMS, printed in the Year 1720, he firſt applies to Mr. *Addiſon*, and concludes his Apoſtrophe to Your Grace in the following Lines.

O! had You liv'd to fan the kindled Rage,
E'en I the leaſt, the loweſt of the Stage,
To Your *Own* fav'rite Theme the Lyre had ſtrung;
And Great *Plantagenet* triumphant ſung,
Firſt of His Line, which mighty in Extent
Shines forth in *George*, and brightens by Deſcent.
Then had You heard the *Poet-Monarch*'s Strains,
And view'd Your *Garter* firſt on *Jewry*'s Plains.

Upon

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Upon this Motive, my Lord, I hope You will forgive the prefent Interruption, ſince I look upon it as my incumbent Duty to put theſe Papers of my Brother's under Your Protection, being, with the moſt profound Reſpect,

Your Grace's Obedient,

Humble Servant,

GREGORY SEWELL.

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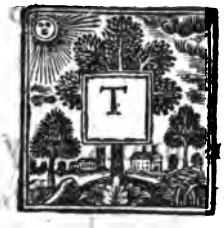
THE

LIFE

OF

King RICHARD the First.



TO illuſtrate, in ſome Meaſure, the Scenes now ſubmitted to the Publick, it has been thought proper to premiſe a ſhort Narrative of the Life of that Prince, on whoſe Hiſtory it is founded, which I have extracted from Monſieur RAPIN, *viz.*

RICHARD the Firſt was ſecond Son of HENRY the Second, and born in the Year 1158. He was a Prince of a reſtleſs and fiery Temper, and in his Youth often revolted from his Father, and went into *France*, where, being ſeduced by the *French* King, he raiſed many Troubles

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against

againſt him. However, in the Year 1187, by a Stratagem of his Father's, he abruptly left the Court of *France*, and returned home; in which Year alſo *Philip* and *Henry* make a Truce, and undertake the CRUSADE, or Expedition to the Holy Land, in which *Prince Richard* was to aſſiſt in Perſon; but this Amity did not long continue between the two Monarchs, for the Year following, a Rupture broke out, which ſet aſide their intended Expedition, and *Richard* again revolted from his Father, and went over to the *French* King.

This, with the hard Terms impos'd by *Philip*, and which he was fain to agree to, together with his diſcovering, that, during the late War, his beloved Son, Prince *John*, had held Intelligence with *Philip*, and was concern'd in all his Brother's Plots to dethrone him, rais'd his Grief to ſuch a Pitch, that, in Exceſs of Paſſion, he curs'd the Day in which he was born, and utter'd divers Imprecations againſt his Sons, which he could never be brought to revoke. He quickly after fell ſick at *Chinon*, where he died in the Year 1189. Such was the End

of

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of *Henry* the Second, one of the most illustrious Princes of his Time, both for Greatness of Genius, and Extent of Dominion, and who used to say, in his Prosperity, *The whole World was but sufficient for one Great Man.*

Richard was hardly on the Throne, when, for fear he should forget his Promise, *Philip* sent to put him in mind of it. There was no need to use much Sollicitation to incline him to that Undertaking. So far was he from desiring to be excused, that his Thoughts were wholly employ'd in making Preparations for his Journey, and all his other Affairs laid aside for the sake of that. After *Richard* had taken all the Measures he thought necessary for the well-governing the State, he was willing to secure its Tranquility, by renewing his Alliances with the Kings of *Scotland* and *Wales*. With this View, he desir'd these two Princes to come into *England*, in order to regulate all the Affairs he might have with them, and to take from them all Pretence of disturbing the Peace of his Subjects. The former, who had Reason to sit down contented, made a strict Alliance

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with him, and sent Prince *David*, his Brother, to attend him in this Expedition, with 500 *Scotchmen*. *Griffin*, King of *Wales*, had sent into *England*, *Rees*, his eldest Son; but some Difference, in Point of *Ceremony*, arising, that Prince returned home without seeing the King. All Things being ready for his Departure, *Richard* pass'd over into *France*, with all his Troops, and march'd for *Marseilles*, where his Fleet had Orders to wait for him. The two Armies of *France* and *England* join'd at *Vezelai*, as had been agreed upon. As soon as the two Kings arrived there, they renew'd their Alliance, and obliged themselves to protect and defend one another upon all Occasions. After the two Monarchs had concerted every Thing that was thought necessary towards accomplishing their Designs, they march'd together as far as *Lyons*, where they parted, *Philip* set forward for *Genoa*, and *Richard* for *Marsellies*, where he was to meet his Fleet. But a violent Storm had so dispers'd his Ships, that they had not been able to join again, and part of them, by Stress of Weather, were driven into *Portugal*: His Eagerness to be at *Messina*, the general Rendezvous of the *Croisés*, made

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made him fit out some Vessels at *Marseilles*, and having embark'd part of his Troops, he set sail for *Sicily*. Quickly after he had the Satisfaction to see his Fleet arrive with the rest of the Army, and continuing his Course towards *Messina*, he arrived there the 20th of *September* 1190. The Sight of so vast an Armament caus'd no less Admiration in the *Sicilians*, than Jealousy in the King of *France*, who beheld with Regret the Forces of his *Vassal* superior to his own.

Tancred, who then reigned in *Sicily*, had, for some Time, shut up in Prison the Queen *Dowager*, who was Sister to *Richard*, but upon his Arrival she was set at Liberty, and sent to the King, her Brother, who would not take up with so slight a Satisfaction, but demanded, for her, the *Dower* that had been assigned her by King *William* II, her Husband, and threatned to use Force, in case *Tancred* refused to comply, who being backward in giving him the Satisfaction he required, *Richard* seized upon a Castle and Monastery, not far from *Messina*, where he laid up his Stores under a strong Garrison. *Tancred* at the same Time so managed it, that the Inhabitants

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hirants of *Messina* took Occasion, from some Disorder that happened in the City, to expel thence all the *English*, which could not be done without the loss of some Lives. *Richard*, incens'd at this Outrage, resolved to attack *Messina*; but *Tancred*, who was at *Palermo*, protested to him, that he had no Hand in the Riot, and that he would punish the Authors of it: This appeas'd *Richard* for some Time; but he putting off too long the promis'd Satisfaction, pursuant to his former Resolution, *Richard* attack'd the City so furiously, that he became Master of it in the first Assault. He was no sooner enter'd, but he order'd his Banners to be display'd on the Walls, even in that Part of the Town which had been allotted to the *French*. For by a former Agreement, the City was to be divided into two Parts, and each Nation to have one Half to themselves for their necessary Occasions: This had like to have came to an entire Rupture, had it not been made up by the Mediation of the Great Men on both Sides; and *Richard* took down his Banners, protesting he had no Design to affront *Philip*.

Tancred

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Tancred at the ſame Time was buſy in ſowing Diſſenſion between the two Monarchs, thereby thinking to revenge himſelf of both at once. To that Purpoſe he privately warn'd the King of *England*, that *Philip* was concerting ill Deſigns againſt him. He even ſhew'd him a Letter which he ſaid he had from the Duke of *Burgundy*, wherein it appear'd, that what he told him was not without Ground; *Richard* gave Ear to his Information, and complain'd of *Philip*, who, on the other Hand, accus'd him of ſeeking Pretences to diſſolve their Union. This Quarrel went ſo far, that the two Monarchs came at length to an open Rupture; *Philip* ſent *Richard* word, that unleſs he conſumated the Marriage with *Alice* (his Siſter) as he had promis'd to do, he ſhould look upon him as his mortal Foe. *Richard*, as boldly replied, that he could by no Means marry a Princeſs, of whom the King, his Father, had begotten a Son; and offer'd to prove it by Witneſſes who were there upon the Spot. *Philip* not thinking proper to puſh this Matter any further, perſuaded, as he was, that the Honour of the Princeſs, his Siſter, might great-

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ly ſuffer by it, he deſiſted from his Demand. After ſeveral Conferences, he agreed, that *Richard* ſhould have Liberty to marry whom he pleaſed, a Liberty which that Prince had already taken of himſelf, by concluding a Marriage with * *Berenguella* of *Navarre*. *Philip*'s Moderation ſeem'd to cauſe an entire Reconciliation between the two Kings; but *Tancred*'s late Information had made ſo deep an Impreſſion on the Mind of *Richard*, and what *Richard* had offer'd to prove concerning *Alice*, had ſo exaſperated *Philip*, that from thenceforward they were never more Friends. However, the two Monarchs having ſpent the Winter at *Meſſina*, made themſelves ready for their Voyage as ſoon as the Seaſon permitted. *Philip* ſet ſail firſt, *Richard* not being able to go with him, becauſe he expected *Eleanor*, his Mother, who was bringing along with her the Princeſs of *Navarre*, his Bride.

Accordingly theſe two Princeſſes arriv'd a few Days after *Philip* ſail'd; but *Eleanor* re-

* This was her Name, but the Doctor, by Poetical Licence, calls her, in the following Scenes, *Berengaria*.

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turn'd

turn'd forthwith, leaving *Berenguella* with the Queen *Dowager* of *Sicily*, her Daughter, who was to accompany the King, her Brother, to the *Holy Land*. Immediately after *Eleanor*'s Departure, *Richard* put to Sea with his Fleet: But as they were rowing between the Iſlands of *Cyprus* and *Rhodes*, a ſudden Storm aroſe, which diſpers'd the Ships, and drove part of them on Shore on the Coaſt of *Cyprus*. *Iſaac*, though then King of that Iſle, was a covetous, cruel, and brutiſh Man, and ſo inhuman was he, that, inſtead of aſſiſting the *Engliſh* that were ſtranded juſt by the Port of *Limiſo*, he impriſon'd thoſe that had eſcap'd the Shipwreck, and ſeiz'd their Effects, and would not ſo much as ſuffer the Ship that had the Princeſſes on board to enter his Harbour, but was ſo cruel as to leave them expoſed to the Wind and Seas. The Fleet at length join'd again on the Coaſt of *Cyprus*, and *Richard* heard, with extream Indignation, the Barbarity of *Iſaac* towards the *Engliſh*; but, not to retard his Voyage, ſent only to demand the Priſoners; but receiving an inſulting Anſwer, he ſet about landing his Men, and ſo furiouſly attack'd *Iſaac*, that he compell'd him to abandon the

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Shore, after having made great Havock of his Troops. The *Engliſh* improving their Advantage, went directly and aſſaulted the City of *Limiſo*, which they carried by the firſt Attack; and * *Iſaac*, with his only Daughter, were made Priſoners: He earneſtly beſought *Richard* not to put him in Irons, who, inſulting over his Misfortune, granted him his Requeſt, in a literal Senſe, by commanding him to be bound in Silver Fetters. Here it was that *Richard* conſummated his Marriage with *Berenguella*. About this Time *Saladine* became Maſter of *Paleſtine*, and of *Jeruſalem*. For the Recovery of this loſt Kingdom it was that the Kings of *France* and *England* had undertaken the preſent Expedition, with numerous Armies made up of all the Nations of *Europe*, but chiefly the *French* and *Engliſh*. Before *Philip*'s Arrival in *Paleſtine*, divers *Chriſtian* Princes had jointly laid Siege to *Acres*, or *Ptolemais*, which Siege had already laſted a whole Year. As ſoon as *Philip*, who ſail'd firſt from *Meſſina*, had landed his Men, he

* This is the Captive King of *Cyprus*, mentioned in the following Scenes.

encamp'd

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encamp'd round the City, and continued the Siege, though with little Succeſs. *Richard* arriving afterwards with freſh Troops, vigorouſly carried it on; and at length, after *Saladine* had made divers fruitleſs Attempts to raiſe the Siege, the City ſurrender'd upon Terms.

The taking of *Acres* ſeem'd to encourage the two Kings to form freſh Projects: But juſt as the *Chriſtian* Army expected to march to *Jeruſalem*, a Diſſenſion * aroſe between the two Leaders, which fruſtrated their Expectations. *Richard* had acquir'd a certain Superiority, which extreamly mortified the King of *France*. His Jealouſy was viſible on all Occaſions; but as he durſt not openly complain, that his Rival was more reſpected than himſelf, he ſought ſome other Pretences to colour his Reſentment. The firſt he made uſe of, was to demand of *Richard* half the Iſle of *Cyprus*, pretending that their Agreement was, equally to ſhare all their Conqueſts. *Richard* made Anſwer, that the

* This Diſſenſion the Doctor had an Eye to, in the opening of the Second Act.

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Articles of their Convention related only to what ſhould be won from the *Infidels*. This Diſpute went ſo far, that *Philip* reſolved to return home; in the midſt of theſe Heats and Conteſts, they were both ſeized with the ſame Diſtemper, which had like to have carried them off; but they got over it only with the loſs of their Hair. After their Recovery, *Richard* appeared more eager than ever to puſh on his Conqueſts over the *Infidels*. But *Philip* continued his Reſolution of returning to *France*. One of the *Articles* of their Agreement was, that neither of them ſhould deſert the Cauſe, without the other's Conſent. *Richard* inſiſted upon that *Article*, and refus'd to agree to *Philip*'s Departure, till ſuch time as they were Maſters of *Jeruſalem*. However, as he could not conſtrain him to ſtay, he left him to do as he pleaſed. Upon quitting *Paleſtine*, he left 10,000 of his Men under the Command of the Duke of *Burgundy*. A little after the Departure of the King of *France*, *Richard* and *Saladine* exhibited a Spectacle of Horror to their Armies, by commanding the Priſoners each had in his Power to be put to Death.

Soon

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Soon after this he obtained a great Victory over *Saladine*, and continued his March towards the Maritime Cities of *Aſcalon*, *Joppa*, and *Cæſarea*, which *Saladine* had thought fit to abandon, after having demoliſh'd their Walls. *Richard* repaired the Cities, and erected Magazines for his Army, which obliged this victorious Prince to ſtay ſome time at *Joppa*. As ſoon as the maritime Places were ſufficiently repair'd, he march'd towards *Jeruſalem*, which he had reſolv'd to beſiege. In his Way he had the good Fortune to meet the *Babylon-Caravan*, which was carrying to *Jeruſalem* a prodigious Quantity of rich Merchandizes, and Proviſions of all Kinds. The Caravan was guarded by 10,000 Horſe, who finding themſelves near the *Chriſtian* Army, would immediately have retreated. But *Richard* taking with him 5000 choſen Horſemen, fell upon them with great Fury, and, having put them to Flight, became Maſter of the *Caravan*. He took, on this Occaſion, 3000 loaded Camels, and 4000 Horſes, or Mules, with an ineſtimable Booty, all which he order'd to be diſtributed among his Soldiers. After this

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lucky

lucky Rencounter, having continued on his March towards *Jeruſalem*, he came to a Hill, from whence he had the Pleaſure to ſurvey that famous City, the taking of which was the chief End of his Expedition.

In the mean time, as the Country round about was deſtitute of Forrage, he ſaw himſelf under the fatal Neceſſity of putting off the Siege till the next Spring. This Delay furniſh'd his Enemies, and thoſe that envied him, with a Pretence to deſert him, which they did, the Duke of *Auſtria* leading the Way, and the Duke of *Burgundy* quickly following him. This, with the News he receiv'd of what was doing in *England*, occaſion'd his conſenting to a three Year's Truce with *Saladine*, after he had gain'd ſeveral Advantages for the *Chriſtians*, one of which was, that they ſhould have Liberty to go in Pilgrimage to *Jeruſalem*, without paying any thing for it, and have free Commerce throughout all *Saladine*'s Dominions. The Treaty being concluded, *Richard* ſent *Saladine* word, that he might depend upon ſeeing him again, to try once more to wreſt the *Holy Land* out of his Hands. The *Sultan*, with a Politeneſs

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neſs which had nothing of the *Barbarian* in it, return'd for Anſwer, That, *if it muſt be his Fate to loſe that Part of his Dominions, he had rather it ſhould be to the King of* England *than to any other Monarch in the World.* Thus ended the famous *Cruſado*, which had drain'd *France* and *England* both of *Men* and *Money*, proving but of very little Benefit to the *Eaſtern Chriſtians*, whilſt it ruin'd thoſe of *Europe*, by the prodigious Sums therein expended.

The Affairs of the Eaſt being ſettled, *Richard*, impatient to return to *England*, embark'd at *Ptolemais*, but being ſhipwreck'd on the Coaſt of *Iſtria*, between *Aquileia* and *Venice*, he fell into the Hands of the Duke of *Auſtria*, and being demanded by the Emperor, *Henry* VI, he was delivered up to him. At length having remain'd fifteen Months a Priſoner, he was ſet at Liberty, and return'd ſafe to *Eng-*

After what Manner the ſad *Cataſtrophe* of his Death was to have been introduc'd in the following Tragedy, we are at a Loſs to know; however, the true Occaſion of it was as follows.

A *Limo-*

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A *Limoſin* Gentleman having found, in his Eſtate, a Treaſure which had been hid there for many Ages: The King pretended, that as it were found in a Country of which he had the Sovereignty (being held of the Dutchy of *Guienne*) it belong'd to him. The Gentleman was willing to compound the Matter, by giving him part, but finding he was bent upon having the whole, he applied to *Vidomar*, Viſcount of *Limoges*, for Protection, who ſhelter'd him in his Caſtle of *Chaluz*. *Richard*, who had not been wont to meet with Oppoſition from his Inferiors, march'd directly into *Limoſin*, in order to lay Siege to the Caſtle to which the Gentleman had retir'd. When he came nigh the Place, he had a Mind to take a Turn round it, in order to view it. But as he approach'd too near, one *Bertrand*, an Archer, who was upon the Walls, let fly an Arrow at him, which ſhot him in the Shoulder, cloſe to his Neck. The Wound was not in it ſelf mortal, but it proved ſo thro' the Unskilfulneſs of the Surgeon. *Richard*'s Behaviour after he was wounded, is moſt pathetically deſcribed in this Tragedy.

THE

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THE

TRAGEDY

OF

King *Richard* the First.

ACT I.

Enter MAURO *and* SOLYMAN, *two* Saracens.

MAURO.

THRO' what a Tract of vaſt unmeaſur'd Space,
Theſe Chriſtian Chiefs have led their wand'ring Hoſt;
Their Sails have courted every Wind that blows,
And wanton'd in variety of Seas.
Calpe beheld them paſs his rocky Height,
Frown'd on their burden'd Ships with length of Shade,
While they, undaunted, cut their watry Way,
And, ſmiling, caſt back Fear upon his Brow.
In vain the Mountains riſe, the Rivers ſwell,
They mock the Whirlpool, fighting, Ford the Stream,
And, clogg'd in cumbrous Armour, climb the ſteep.

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SOLYMAN:

Such Praiſe, unbluſhing, we may give our Foes,
A Soldier's Honour brightens by the Blaze
Of neighbouring Virtue, and reflects new Light.

MAURO.

But yet, methinks, 'tis wond'rous ſtrange Succeſs
Should wait as Servant to their moving Camp,
And hail them ſtill victorious---See they bring
Monarchs enchained, rude Raviſhments of War,
Bidding Captivity new Conqueſts make;
And ſtretch the Line of Bondage by the Hands
Of Princely Vaſſals, and of Royal Slaves.

SOLYMAN.

And what the Recompence of all their Toil,
Slowly to gain what never can be kept,
For diſtant Conqueſts are like needy Friends
In Climes remote, who ſtill diſſemble Wants
'Till Wealth amaſs'd, Temptation glitt'ring nigh,
The Gift of Power too ſtrong for Honour proves,
And makes the fair Poſſeſſion all its own.
O! were their Arms and Policy alike!

MAURO.

Their Arms! I ſcorn their Arms--

SOLYMAN.

Have you forgot
By whoſe high Hand fair *Ptolmais* ſunk,
Whoſe ſingle Valour forced the guarded Trench,
And let in ſwift Deſtruction at his Heels.
Who, like a Whirlwind raiſ'd by Magic-Art,
Shook

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Shook all her Tow'rs and Battlements to Earth;
And left our frighted Deities to mourn
Their proſtrate Temples, and their widow'd Shrines.
Was any City of the peopled Earth,
Tho' built in Fable, and by hireling Gods,
So proudly ſtrong, and yet ſo fairly won?

MAURO.

Why wouldſt thou open that ſad Scene of Slaughter,
And ſet victorious *Richard* in my View?
More dreadful than their bold confed'rate Kings,
Whene'er the *Auſtrian* Eagle droops his Wings;
Or the *French* Lillies ſicken at the War,
He plants his *Engliſh* Lions in the Breach;
Snatches the new-gain'd Conqueſt from our Hand,
And robs both Friend and Enemies of Fame.
I ſaw him, when, with manly Force, he ſway'd,
Dire Inſtrument, the two-edg'd Battle-Axe,
Whoſe Weight requir'd a Giant's Arm to poiſe,
But he ſhook eaſy as a bending Reed,
Death follow'd cloſe, and mark'd his Way with Blood.
What Thouſands then had fell, had not his Eye
Caſt on an Infant Train, bad Slaughter ceaſe,
Ceaſe---Ceaſe---he cry'd---Theſe may be Chriſtians yet---

SOLYMAN.

That Grace they owe to *Berengaria*'s Lips,
(For ſo the Brother of the *Scottiſh* King,
Young *David*, Envoy once of happy Truce)
Has often told to our admiring Court.

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He ſpoke the Dove-like Meekneſs of her Eye,
The ſweet Perſwaſion of her ſoften'd Look,
Whene'er her Hero march'd, ſhe, ſighing, cry'd,
O ſpare the Mother for the Infant's ſake!
O ſpare the Infant for the Mother's ſake!

MAURO.

What End of Warring with ſo brave a Foe?

SOLYMAN.

I know not yet, but hourly we expect,
Achmet's Return, the favourite Renegade,
Who went a Spy upon the Chriſtian Camp.

MAURO.

I hate that ſaucy Convert to our Faith!
'Tis true, he's brave, but hangs his Merit high,
To catch the View of popular Regard;
To us his Equals inſolently vain,
But to the Sultan fawning as a Slave,
As damn'd a Whiſperer in his Prince's Ear
As *Eaſtern* Eunuchs, or a Chriſtian Prieſt.
And he, this Sycophant, this talking Warriour,
Muſt hate *Armida* too, the warlike Maid,
Whoſe valiant Deeds as far o'ermates his Worth,
As *Richard*'s mine---

SOLYMAN.

Mauro, compoſe thy Wrath,
It ill becomes us when the Iron Hand
Of War is waving o'er our City Gates,
Threatning to fall and cruſh us to the Earth,
To ſpend that Rage, that might prevent our Fate
In civil Broils and Factions with our Friends.

Digitized by Google *Enter*

Enter a Captain.

CAPTAIN.

My Lords, the Princes, Counſellors, and Chiefs
Of all our Hoſt are now in Counſel met,
Great *Saladine* himſelf is ſeated on the Throne,
And hear's Prince *Achmet* from the Chriſtian Camp. [*Exit.*

SOLYMAN.

We come.

MAURO.

He ſaid, Prince *Achmet*, did he not?
Now, by our Prophet, where do Titles grow?
Or does bright Honour, like Dame Fortune reign,
And blindfold fling her Largeſſes on Earth,
While ev'ry Chance-Receiver wears as high
The flutt'ring Gift, as if his own by Right,
And from a Villain grows into a Prince;
A Prince, a Spy, an Office for a Dog,
That lurks and beats about the Field to ſpring his Game.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Enter SALADINE, ACHMET, SOLYMAN, MAURO, *&c.*

SALADINE.

Lords, Princes, Brother-Soldiers of the Field,
Whose Valour long has held our Scepter fast,
Tho' often shaken by the Wind of War,
And rushing Tempests of confed'rate Kings.

MAURO.

For this the West and Southern Standards join,
For this the proud imperial Eagle stoops
Patient of Friendship by the Lillies Side,
The Northern Lion wont at home to range,
Now loosen'd and enlarg'd by RICHARD's Arm
In *Jewry* roars, and shakes the Eastern Skies.
Him most, him first of these confed'rate Kings
Our Armies dread, and tremble to behold.
While strong of Arm he shakes the well-pois'd Spear,
Fear flies and warns the Nations to retire,
Death wings the Shaft from his unerring Bow.
But, when provok'd to near Approach, he wields
The two-edg'd Battle-Axe with forceful Sway;
Heaps fall on Heaps, Destruction sits and smiles
O'er the mix'd Carnage, till his fatal Hand
From Hill to Hill th' unseated Vulture drives.

SALADINE.

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SALADINE.

Mean Time, what Number of our Slaves remain?
'Tis fit we ſhow the Price of Chriſtian Blood,
By pouring it, like Water, on the Earth.

ACHMET.

We count ſix hundred Slaves of either Sex.

SALADINE.

Count them no more, but as a Number periſh'd---
They ſhall be try'd---They boaſt of wond'rous Faith,
That mocks Deſtruction, and embraces Death
Like a fond Miſtreſs, or far-ſought Friend.
Achmet, the Charge be yours to ſee their Deaths,
And tell how many of theſe glorious Saints
Rejoice in Miſery, and ſmile in Flames.

ACHMET.

Torture ſhall prove ingenious in their Woes,
Some groan on Earth beneath the pointed Wood
With upward Cry to Heaven, who will not fear
The bloody Sword ſhall parcel piecemeal Death,
Limb follow Limb, and laſt of all the Eye,
When it has wept its Fellow-Organs, drop
The laſt ſad Tear ſuck'd up by burning Brands.

MAURO.

How bloody are theſe Converts in their Rage!
I'ad rather truſt a hungry *Lioneſs*,
With all my Children, than a *new-made Convert*.

ACHMET.

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ACHMET.

Curſe on that RICHARD.

SALADINE.

Curſe him not,
He is a King; and in that awful Name,
Wherever nam'd, attendant Strength and Power
Call for the ready Debt of faireſt Speech,
Of favourite Wiſhes, and the Tongue of Bleſſing.
Let Guilt that fears the Shadow of a Spy,
Curſe *Kings* at Midnight when the Moon is ſick;
Let damn'd Rebellion, hid in cavern'd Rocks,
Gnawing her fretful Form to Bliſters, ſend
To roaring Seas her idle Imprecations.
Tho' he were more my Foe than RICHARD is,
I would not curſe the Man I muſt admire.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Enter ARMIDA, *the* Warlike Maid; *with* ERMINIA, *Sister to* ACHMET, *and Mistress to* SALADINE.

ERMINIA.

Forgive me if I plead the Sex's Cause,
As willing to recover what we loſt,
And by one Queſtion all my Scruples eaſe;
How does thy Eye regard the Tyrant Man,
Has no one Form more exquiſitely fram'd,
Call'd thee to gaze with Wonder or Delight?

ARMIDA.

Juſt as on other Objects of my Senſe,
The tallest Oak or Cedar of the Grove,
The well-turn'd Statue, or the breathing Paint.
But yet if any of the Sex I prize,
'Tis he who ſcatters Death the wideſt round,
And makes most Havock of his worthleſs Race.

ERMINIA.

These cruel Words convince a wounded Heart,
That Love has enter'd at the Gate of Scorn. [*Aside.*

ARMIDA.

Yet I would know---How was it with thy Heart,
When firſt it leant and liſten'd to thy Lord?

ERMINIA.

O *Saladine!* the Day---Remembrance keep the Day,
In the full Height of painful Extacy!
That Day, when long ſollicited to hear,
The thouſand times unfiniſh'd Tale of Love.

ARMIDA.

Why this Suſpence! this Prologue to thy Faults?

ERMINIA.

Since 'tis ungrateful---

ARMIDA.

No!---Heaven that it were! [*Aſide.*

ERMINIA.

Then, ſome God had dreſs'd him out for wonder then,
My King approach'd, but with ſuch ſoft'ned Looks,
A Mind ſo full, ſo fearful of Offence,
That Cruelty now chid it ſelf, and Pride,
Which keeps the outward Fences of the Heart
Like an o'er-watch'd Centinel, retiring, ſlept.
He touch'd my Hand, and Fire was in the Touch;
He look'd, and ſpoke, and Joy was in his Speech.
My Bluſhes roſe and fell like doubtful Winds,
That toſs the Boſom of a wanton Sea.
He ſaw Confuſion, and purſu'd his Charge,
Till Fears, like routed Armies in their Flight,
Soon beat, reſign'd to his victorious Love.

ARMIDA.

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ARMIDA.

The Conqueſt made, how felt the new-found Yoke?

ERMINIA.

Eaſy as ſilken Chains on captive Birds,
Who love to feed from the beloved Hand,
And, hov'ring round the fair Beſtower, ſing
Their new Captivity in ſweeter Tunes.

ARMIDA.

Alas! it may be! yes! it muſt be ſo!
Happy *Arminia*!—

ERMINIA.

Not *Armida* too!

ARMIDA.

'Tis not in Fate to call the Minutes back
That might have made me—What I muſt not be.
Severe Neceſſity! Myſterious Love!
At once a Prodigal and Bankrupt too.

ERMINIA.

How, how, *Armida*, I conjure thee tell—
For, ah! I ſee thy Blood return and go,
Like a ſad Meſſenger, to ev'ry Part,
Threat'ning to ſpeak, but ſtarting at the Tale
Of its own Woe—Tell—by our Friendſhip tell—

ARMIDA.

Think not this Garb of War is Nature's Choice,
Fate and Revenge have forc'd it on my Arms,

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For,

For, O! four Suns have run their annual Course
Since passing thro' the Woods of *Paleſtine*,
Attended ſlightly by a Maiden Guard,
A Troop of Robbers---They were Chriſtians too,
I can no more---

ERMINIA.

They could not force thee ſure!

ARMIDA.

Their Captain---

ERMINIA.

Where ſlept the Thunder then,
Who hid the Light'ning in its ſecret Cave?
How were the Hands of Providence employ'd,
Painting new *Goats* and *Rams* arm'd in the Sky,
To ſhed the guilty Influence here below,
And juſtify the Monſters of the Earth?

ARMIDA.

Since then---I ſwore an Enmity to Man---

ERMINIA.

And here I ſwear it too, till Vengeance comes,
O Traytor!---Hide him not concealing Earth,
Ye Rocks and Caverns ſhut your ſtony Mouths
When he would enter, let no guilty Shade
Afford him Place of Reſt, but Darkneſs fly
As frighted when he comes---Heavens! is it right
That other Beings ſhall, by Inſtinct, trace
The ſecret Robber, and revenge the Guilt;
While favourite Man,
With Wit and puzzling Reaſon for his Guide,
Sits

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Sits down and weeps his Injuries unredreſs'd---
Not half ſo privileg'd as the Dogs he feeds.

ARMIDA.

Yet more remains, the Vow I made is broke,
Man triumphs ſtill, the Theft of Violence
Is follow'd by the willing Gift of Love.

ERMINIA.

Achmet, or *Maura*, ſay---

ARMIDA.

Both Objects of my Hate---
A ſtranger Prince has ſtole my Heart away,
Daily in Arms I ſeek the Life I love---
Have I not ſaid too much?

ERMINIA.

* * * * *

Thy Queen ſecures---
The ſecret her's---Haſt thou entruſted me
With Images of Darkneſs and Deſpair,
The tempting Themes of our loquacious Sex---
And wilt thou hide the friendly Beam of Light,
That helps me to conduct thee to thy Safety.

ARMIDA.

The *Scottiſh* Prince---You ſaw him in her Court,
And who beheld him---But yet wiſh'd them there?

ERMINIA.

He ſeem'd indeed the Wonder of his Sex.

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ARMIDA.

O He is all Perfection! every Limb
Calls upon Nature to avow her Work;
Had Fortune cloath'd him in her dirty Weeds,
And dreſt him in the Habit of Diſgrace,
His Air, his Action would have ſpoke the Prince,
But as he was---Methinks I ſee him now,
In mock of us to lead the ſprightly Ball,
While Motion chides the ling'ring Inſtrument,
While Harmony purſues him as he bounds,
Steps, as he ſteps, and meaſures out the Dance.

ERMINIA.

Tho' I hold *David* as our mortal Foe,
Foe to our Country's Altars, and our Faith,

* * * * * *

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ACT II.

Enter King RICHARD, *King* PHILIP *of* France, *and* DAVID, *Prince of* Scotland.

RICHARD.

Brother of *France*, Diſſenſions have too long
Waſted the Strength of our confed'rate Arms,
The doubtful Soldier knows not who ſhall lead,
And when the Trumpet calls, with jealous Ear,
Suſpended ſtands, and muſes at the Sound,
Which us'd to waken Honour in his Soul,
And flush his Eyes with Earneſt of Succeſs.
The Foe obſerves us, and beholds with Joy,
How on our ſelves we take unjuſt Revenge.
O! be it never ſaid, *two* mighty Kings,
Zealous of Virtue, Fame, Religion, Faith,
Drain'd half their Nations, bought their People's Lives,
To ſell them cheaply in a foreign Land,
And bid them fall and periſh for their Sport.
Eſteem we higher of our Fellow-Beings,
Not one of whom but claims our common Sire.
Think well for whom we fight—and well agree—
—Can we bid the Dew
Hang high in Air, nor touch the Subject's Head,
But only fall on Kings?—If gen'ral Bleſſings then
Are theirs as free as ours, then Rights are their's
To make thoſe Bleſſings certain to them all.

PHILIP.

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PHILIP.

This Tale of Duty might become a Prieſt,
But paſſes by me like the idle Wind,
Since injur'd Honour and repeated Wrongs
Have deaf'ned *Philip's* Ear---

RICHARD.

What Wrongs? Speak, Prince,
Point out the Man, and tho' he ſtand behind
The Shields of Legions, and a Wall of Braſs,
This Arm ſhall reach him, drag him to thy Feet,
Trembling to look on Majeſty incens'd.

PHILIP.

That Man is *Richard, England's* mighty King,
He who leads Armies in the Cauſe of Heaven,
Who on his Banners waves the *bloody Croſs*,
Dreadful as Light'ning to the faithleſs Eye,
Yet can ſuſtain to wrong a King, a Friend!

RICHARD.

Now by St. *George*, the Patron of my Arms,
Had ſuch a Speech eſcap'd another Tongue,
The forward Cenſurer had ſpoke no more.

PHILIP.

But *France*, unaw'd, avows it with a Frown.

RICHARD.

Hah! doſt thou threaten *limitary Prince?*
Frown on thy *Vaſſals*, thy *Provincial Lords*,
Let *Burgundy* be mute when *Philip* frowns,
Or terrify thy Neighbour of *Navarre*,

But

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But *England*'s *King*, Imperial, ſingly Great,
Ne'er borrows Fear from *France*, but ſends it forth
To ſhake that Continent where he reſides,
And, frowning, look all *Europe* into PEACE.

PHILIP.

What are the Arms, the Courage which you boaſt!
Where grew it firſt, but in its native *Gaul*?
'Tis but a *Graft* upon a *foreign Stock*,
A *Norman-Lyon* fix'd on *Engliſh* Ground.

RICHARD.

It loves the Climate then, and thrives apace;
Honour miſtook her *Seat* awhile, till lodg'd
On *Gaul*'s Extremities, the *Iſle* oppos'd,
Lur'd her bright Eye to wing the watry Way,
And fix her conſtant Habitation there.
Behold young *David*, born in *Scotia*'s Froſt,
How does the blooming Hero lead to Fight?
How heaves his Boſom to the Trumpet's Sound,
Beating the March of Victory within?

DAVID.

Rather be *David*'s Deeds unprais'd, his Name
Unheard, unknown, than ſee *two* Chriſtian Kings,
Partners of War, in vain Debate contend:
The Wrongs unmention'd, yet the War at height;
O! how does Rage miſlead the nobleſt Minds!

RICHARD.

Well urg'd, brave Youth—And may thy juſt Rebuke,
Lead *France* unpaſſion'd to diſcharge his Mind.

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PHILIP.

My Sister, by thy Father's Choice, to thee betroth'd,
You left deserted, and abus'd his Will.

RICHARD.

What Sire can bind Affections of the Soul,
Force free-choic'd Love to Arbitrary Will?
He scorns the Bondage, struggling, quits the Snare,
Nor Charms, nor Duty can recal his Flight.
Had I thy Sister wedded by that Tie,
What Issue thence but false dissembled Love,
Watchful of all Occasions to revolt;
Thence fierce Debates, strong Jealousies and Cares,
Children unlike, and propagated Curses.
Besides, that Claim was quitted e'er we lead
To *Jewry*'s hallow'd Plains, thou knowst it, *France*,
And not without Suspicion---

This is the Genius of thy Soil, O *France*!
In *War* a cunning and intriguing *Foe*,
In *Peace* a doubtful and uncertain Friend.

SCENE

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SCENE, A PROSPECT of *Jeruſalem.*

Enter King RICHARD *and the* QUEEN.

RICHARD.

Hail! holy City, hail! ſacred-built Walls!
The Joy, the Pride, the Glory of the Earth,
Selected Portion of the Sons of God!
Thee promis'd Bleſſing, Type of other Worlds,
Fram'd by immortal Hands, the dying *Seer*,
And *Patriarch* oft in Viſions rapt beheld,
Gaz'd on thy unbuilt Roofs, and ſaw thy Gems;
Thy poliſh'd Gems, tho' hid in *Ophir*'s Mines,
Yet bright and blazing to the Eye of Faith.
And is it given to theſe unhallow'd Eyes
To view thy Seats, the Wiſh, the Vow, the Prayer
Of Men, of Heroes, and of ſleeping Saints?
Bend, O my Soul, in Veneration bend,
Kiſs, kiſs, in Thought the Ground, embrace
The holy Tow'rs where crowding *Angels* hung.
But, ah! they long are vaniſh'd from thy Choirs!
Fall'n are thy Temples, and thy Glories loſt!
How ſitt'ſt thou now, fair City, in the Duſt,
All pale and comfortleſs in Sorrow's Shade,
Like a ſad Widow, weeping for thy Sons?
What Heart of Steel, what ruthleſs Son of War,

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Tho' thy ſworn Foe, tho' *Saladine* himſelf,
But would---
And warm thy Aſhes with a ſilent Tear.
O *Jeruſalem!*---

BERENGARIA.

Now I repent not of the toilſome Way,
The painful Land-march, and the Sea-ſick Couch,
Since I have ſeen the Longing of my Eyes,
Thee *Zion* faireſt of ten thouſand Hills,
Thee bleſt and haunted by immortal Gueſts.
But, O! my Lord, my gracious Soveraign, think
What captive Millions, Brothers of our Faith,
In Sorrow eat the Bread of Servitude,
Complaining tread the Honey-dropping Vale,
And paſs the Sweets of *Hermon* unenjoy'd.

RICHARD.

Daughter of Mercy, perfect Draught of Heaven,
Fair *Berengaria* reſt thy troubled Thought,
Thy *Richard* Arms to looſe the fetter'd Hand,
To bid Dejection raiſe its humble Eye,
That por'd to Earth to find the Grave of Care,
And lift it up in Thankfulneſs on high.
Ye Sons of Sorrow, all your Tears are mine
I count them here---To give them to your Foes
In the full Meaſure of exacteſt Vengeance.

BERENGARIA.

Ah! how polluted are the Martyr's Graves,
The holy Reliques of departed Saints,
Mix'd with foul Aſhes, and diſhonour'd Duſt;
How do their hov'ring Shades in dead of Night,
With Voices deſtin'd for celeſtial Choirs,
Sigh on their broken Urns, and Tombs profan'd?

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RICHARD.

RICHARD.

Think not that Care disturbs the silent Dead,
Or that the loosen'd Ghost with nightly Watch
Is pain'd for Atoms of disorder'd Clay.
The Priests, good holy Market-Men, may tell
Of bleeding Statues, and lamenting Shrines,
Sell the forg'd Drops—And long as Priests can lye,
Folly and Female Ignorance will believe.

BERENGARIA.

Forgive the pious Error of my Thought.

RICHARD.

Indeed, my Queen, a nobler Purpose brings
Thy *Richard* here—The Cause of Heav'n is mine,
I stand its Substitute to spread true Faith,
To scourge the black Imposture back to Hell,
And re-instate Religion on her Throne.

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The

The following SCENE is, ſuppoſed, between ARMIDA and Prince DAVID of *Scotland*.

PRINCE.

What Seraph wand'ring from his heavenly Bower,
Has choſe this ſhining Vehicle of Fleſh
To ſoften heavenly Beauty to the Sight,
And blunt the Rays that Nature could not bear?
Or art thou rather ſome familiar Saint,
Veiling thy Glories in this mortal Shrine?
O ſpeak!—That I may wonder—And adore.

LADY.

Nor Saint, nor Seraph I, but human born;
Who ask no Worſhip, but refuſe the Gift
Of Idol Praiſes, and miſguided Zeal,
Tho' a Prieſt's Tongue ſhould gloſs the pleaſing Lye.

PRINCE. [*Aſide.*

Hah! 'tis a Woman!—But excelling all
That Truth and Fable heap upon the Sex.
Give me a Tyrant's Power, and Giant's Force,
With all the Paſſion of all Luſt deceas'd;
And ſome bold Dæmon mix their Spirits high,
That I may ruſh and ſeize the tempting Ray.

LADY.

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LADY.

You tremble, Sir!

PRINCE.

The Thunder of the War has broke the Sky,
While Clamour, roaring with a thouſand Tongues,
Ruffles the gentle Wing of Contemplation,
And hunts her from the ſweet Abode of Peace.

LADY.

Say, ſad Inhabitant, of this forlorn—
Who? And thy Office? For no common Air,
Thy Aſpect ſhow—

PRINCE.

Why? Nature's Friend,
Who mark the ſweet Progreſſion of her Work,
Riſe with the Day-ſpring up, and riſing draw
The dewy Fragrance of the Morning's Breath,
Who read the living Fires that roul on high,
And note the ſtarry Jelly as it falls.

LADY.

And has this Solitude ſuch wond'rous Charms?

PRINCE.

As many more as Thought can multiply,
When at the ſtreaking down the Mind goes forth,
Sees nothing round her but this beauteous Scene,
One ſolid Region of extended Truth.

Nought

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Nought offers to the View that can moleſt
The growing Freedom of the mounting Soul;
Nor Thought of Sire, or Child; or dearer Wife,
Dutiful Shadows of Domeſtic Sweets,
For ruthleſs Sorrow cannot enter here,
So ſacred and ſo hallow'd is the Place.

LADY.

What are *Alliances* of *human Life*,
But as they run in *Virtue*'s *cleareſt Stream*?
A *Stranger* is my *Father* if he's brave,
My *Father* is a *Stranger* if he's ill.

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King RICHARD, attended by one of his Lords, after he was wounded.

KING.

I thank thee Heaven, this Wound indeed is precious,
And well becomes a Soldier in thy Cauſe.
The bluſhing Token will remind my Eyes
Whoſe Badge I wear, and ev'ry Drop I bleed,
Bleeds Death to Hundreds.--You my Friends,
If I forget this Courteſy of War,
Speak loudly that you ſaw your bleeding King
Trailing a wounded Body to his Tent,
Nodding and reeling---Say you ſaw him fall
On the low Earth, and gnaw the Ground in Shame---

LORD.

Your Highneſs needs no Monitor for Fame---
But now it more imports a Subject's Love
To ſpeak your Danger, and prevent our Fate;
For we all die in RICHARD, and our Fame,
That ſhould live after, dies before us too.
The poiſon'd Arrow may be dipt in Death---
And then---

RICHARD.

What then?---
Think'ſt thou I fear to die, a common Fate,

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A general Doom? That's Argument to me
To dread it not, and justify my God.
For were there some exempt, and some to die,
All of the Species of this human Race,
'Twere worse for Mortals than it can be now.
Could we, as from a Hill, behold a Cham
Of Fellow-Beings, pressing to a Gulf,
Pushing each other in the Road of Death;
Now singly fall, then tumble Heaps on Heaps,
These come to live and be, those pass and be no more.
Were such a Prospect ours!
How would compassionating Nature wake,
In Vows, in Prayers, in agonizing Cries,
"That my Father, that my dearest Child,
"My Friend---My Wife---O wretched Immortality!

Of the Uſefulneſs

OF

SNAILS

In Medicine.

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OF

SNAILS.

THERE have been great Diſputes about this Creature's Uſefulneſs in Medicine; *Old* Phyſicians favour them, the *New* ſpeak doubtfully, and ſome with Contempt, ranking the Remedy among the *Female-Recipes* at the higheſt.

FROM their natural Clammineſs, or Viſcoſity, (their whole Subſtance being nothing but a Compages of natural Jelly) they bid fair to balſamiſe the Blood, at leaſt to ſheath great Part of its Acidities, and to make its Returns on the finer Glands and Tubes leſs pungent, and by Conſequence, in Time, heal, at leaſt, beginning Ulcers.

I HAD

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I HAD Occaſion to experience what this *Viſcous* does to the Animal it ſelf; for having a Garden over-run with them, I ſometimes only cruſhed them with my Foot againſt the Wall, breaking the Shell ſo much, that a Quantity of Matter iſſued from the Wounds. Theſe I left (uſually in *Roſemary-Buſhes*, where I ſtamped them) not expecting the Effect their own Balm would have on them: In a Fortnight after I had ſuppoſed them dead, I found them whole, except in the Parts of the Shell, whoſe Weakneſs could not be diſcerned by the Eye, but was plain to the Touch.

THIS Experiment was often repeated with the Preſſure of a ſtrong Shoe, and yet almoſt all recovered, and carried their Houſes, ſeeming unmaimed.

IT was amazing enough, to obſerve the viſcous Fluid ſqueezed from the Body, retiring by degrees inward, and ſupplying the Place of an artificial Cement to the broken Shell, while as it increaſed to its uſual Dimenſion, it puſhed forward the fractured and depreſſed Parts to a Union, with the reſt of the Houſe or Building.

THE Experiment extends to all Ages and Sizes of Snails, for in the ſmall Crevices of the Wall I often cruſhed the young ones Sides together with my Finger, and with all my Watchfulneſs could not find that they gathered any Reſtora-

tive

tive from the neighbouring Trees, till they were able to march out for fresh Plunder.

THESE Remarks may, perhaps, give some Hints about their *Use* in *Physick*: The most natural seems to me, that *we over cleanse them*, by which they lose great part of that salutary Slime that helps to bind the broken *Continuum* of minute Bodies.

THEIR Age and Rankness of Feed, no doubt, makes a material Difference in their Effects; I cannot positively say what: My Remarks reaching only the *Apricot*, *Nectarine*, *Peach*, and *Rosemary*; all of the Odoriferous Kind.

SOLILOQUY.

I.

Why DAMON with the forward Day
Dost thou thy little Spot survey?
From Tree to Tree, with doubtful Cheer,
Observe the Progress of the Year;
What Winds arise, what Rains descend,
When thou before that Year shalt end?

II. What

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II.

What do thy Noon-day Walks avail,
To clear the Leaf, and pick the SNAIL?
Then wantonly to *Death* decree
An *Inſect* uſefuller than thee.
Thou, and the *Worm*, art *Brother-kind*,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

III.

Vain Wretch, canſt thou expect to ſee
The downy *Peach* make Court to thee?
Or that thy Senſe ſhall ever meet
The *Bean-Flower*'s deep-emboſom'd Sweet?
Exhaling with an Evening's Blaſt,
Thy Evenings then will all be paſt.

IV.

Thy narrow Pride, thy fancied Green,
(For Vanity's in little ſeen)
All muſt be left when *Death* appears,
In ſpight of Wiſhes, Groans and Tears;
Nor one of all thy *Plants* that grow,
But *Roſemary*, will with thee go.

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ON

DEATH.

BEING in a serious Turn of Temper, I am going to consider *Death*, as the Object of a brave, or virtuous Man's Thought; and with what View, good Sense, and Reason, look upon the *Enemy* of *Human Nature*.

PASSIONS, *Appetites*, and the subordinate Train of the *Faculties* of the *Mind*, have, from the wise Determination of the Supreme Being, a great Influence on our Conduct; they are the great Reconcilers of the *Soul* and *Body*, and keep up that Harmony which is necessary to make Man like his own Existence. To say, we can fling off these Clogs at Pleasure, and separate the Union between the material and immaterial Companions, is talking more after the Vanity of Philosophy and Science, *falsly so called*, than a true and rational Account of our Powers, which,

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whatever we may boaſt, are in this great Point over-ruled by the inferior Agents, our Senſes.

THUS the Senſe of greater *Pain* makes the Patient ſtruggle with the nauſeous Draught, and drink down *bitter Health*, rather than leave room for *Death* to advance. The Proſpect of pleaſurable Objects deludes the beſt Man on this ſide of the Grave, and bids him view and review before he takes his Leave of them, and plumes himſelf for a new Exiſtence. Nature is ever true and faithful to herſelf, in Pain ever aiming at Relief, in Joy ſtill deſiring a Continuance, and in Danger employing all her Hopes and Wiſhes for a State of Safety. An abſolute Conqueſt over all theſe Motives to Life is impoſſible; to make them looſe and eaſy is the Buſineſs of Reaſon, and the greateſt Triumph of Wiſdom.

THE firſt and grand Topic urged by the grave Men to ſuffer *Death* eaſily, is, the Generality of the *Doom*. Were it peculiar to a *few* to eſcape, and many to *die*, there would be ſomething more terrible in this *King* of *Terrors*, he would have more Arms, as we may ſay, by having leſs, than he has in the preſent State of his Empire! What Cares, what Hopes, what Fears, troubleſome even to Life it ſelf, ſhould we employ to be the Number of the *happy Exempted*, to ſtand, as it were, in an intermediate Space between two *Exiſtences*, beholding *theſe* enter the Stage, and *be*, and *thoſe* go off and *be no more*? Were

we

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we Spectators, or ſome of us ſo, of a Chain of Creatures immenſely long, of different Sizes and Degrees, puſhing on each other in a progreſſive Motion into a Gulph, and dropping ſometimes one by one, and ſometimes by Heaps into that Gulph---Could we, I ſay, ſee theſe of our own Species acting and ſuffering this, and where we had Relations too? What Floods of Tears ſhould we pour forth for our Friends? What Cries for our Father, Brother, Wife?---Or, what is as bad, what partial ſelf-conceited Joys ſhould we abound with for our own Security and Deliverance? In ſuch a Caſe, what profane Thoughts might ariſe? The leaſt that I can fancy is, that our Pride would conquer our Reaſon, and we ſhould believe it done by our Power, and judge our ſelves *Gods*.

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ON

THOUGHTS.

THE late Dr. *Sharpe*, Archbiſhop of *York*, in a moſt excellent Sermon on *Prov.* iv. *ver.* 23. *Keep thy Heart with all Diligence, for out of it are the Iſſues of Life*; has laid down admirable Rules for the *Government* of our *Thoughts*. And ſuch as nothing but a deep Inſight into our Nature and Paſſions, long Experience, and nice and conſtant Obſervation could furniſh him withal. A brief Sum of what he has there ſaid is this. *Firſt*, he ſhews what Power a Man has over his own Thoughts. And, *Secondly*, wherein the Art of governing them conſiſts. After having premiſed a little about the Difference of Mens Complexions, and the natural and acquired Power that one has more than another, nay, and even then himſelf

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ſelf at different Times to regulate his Thoughts, he proceeds to lay down five general Propoſitions.

I. That the firſt Motions of our Minds, tho' ever ſo irregular, are not in our Power. The Cauſe of which is, that they are produced ſo quick, that there is not Time enough given for Reaſon to interpoſe and ſtop them. His Inſtances of a paſſionate, opiniative, and amorous Man, are finely managed. Here I would preſume to add an Obſervation of my own, *Firſt*, The more irregular and incoherent theſe Motions are, the leſs are they to be ſubjected to rule, for in a cloſe Connection and Dependance of one Thought upon another, it is poſſible for a Man to foreſee, that he will naturally, if he indulge the Bent of his preſent Inclinations, run into ſuch or ſuch a Scene of Fancy. Thus you may begin very Innocently, and after your Thoughts have ranged a while, conclude very Guilty. This happens often in Diſcourſe, but that may be imputed to the Turn of a vicious Fancy; but the Caſe is the ſame, or very near it, in our converſing with our ſelves. Proceed we to the ſecond Propoſition.

II. When a Man's Mind is vigorouſly affected and poſſeſſed, either with the outward Objects of Senſe, or with inward Paſſions of any Kind; in that Caſe he has little or no Command of his Thoughts. His Mind will be ſo wholly taken up, with that it is then full of, that he will not be able, till thoſe Impreſſions

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ſions are worn of, to think freely of what he pleaſes. Inſtance in Pain, Grief, Reſentment for an Affront given, &c. Laſtly, in a Perſon's coming hot from Buſineſs, hearing good or bad News, to Prayers, in ſuch a Caſe as this by the very Make and Nature, we cannot turn our ſelves from one Buſineſs to another without due Conſideration.

III. When a Man's Thoughts are forced upon him, as it were, from the preſent Temper, and Indiſpoſition of his Body. So that, tho' he have no Objects to entertain him, nay, tho' he have made ever ſo many Reſolutions to avoid them, yet they will ſtill recur to him. This is the Caſe of a feveriſh and diſturbed Perſon, and of deeply Hypcondriacks, many of which will be haunted with a Set of Fancies, that they can by no Means get rid of, tho' they deſign it ever ſo earneſtly. Sometimes they think they are Infidels and Atheiſts, ſometimes blaſphemous Thoughts ſpoil their Intention. Sometimes again they fancy themſelves guilty of many Crimes, becauſe they imagine that they give Conſent to them. And then ſo very perverſe they are, that they will apply every Paſſage in the Bible, or a Sermon, to their own Caſe, and ſo increaſe their Trouble, and confirm themſelves in their extravagant Notions. Theſe the good Biſhop reckons by no Means the free, natural, and voluntary Operations of their own Minds, but the Effects of Vapours and Melancholy; and gives them no better a Name than waking Dreams, as our Dreams are our ſleeping Fancies. This is a bodily

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bodily Diſtemper, and muſt have a bodily Cure. The beſt Way is to deſpiſe and neglect, rather than ſtruggle and parley with theſe Fancies. Here I would again add ſomething, which is, that ſome vicious Fancies, that have a long while habituated themſelves to ſome Thoughts, will find a Similitude in every Object to their Purpoſe, they can ſee nothing, like Jaundice Eyes, but what they tincture and diſcolour by their impious Imagination. This is a deplorable Caſe, and the beſt Remedy is not to ſhut our Eyes, but purge our Hearts. He next ſtarts an Objection from his Inſtance of Hypocondriack Perſons againſt the Freedom of Thinking, for if theſe Perſons are thus neceſſarily paſſive, where is the Liberty of Thought? He owns, I think, that theſe Caſes are Exceptions, but all Perſons without them may, among the multitude of Objects, chuſe any one, and intend ſo as to leave no room for others to intrude. So that it conſiſts in our Liberty of chuſing any Subject of our Thoughts.

V. THOUGH we have a Power over our Thoughts in directing them to a particular Object, yet we have another Power over them, in which is laid the very Foundation of Vertue and Vice, and upon Account of it, all our Thoughts become either morally good, or evil. And this is our Compliance with, or Diſſent from any of theſe Motions, for though we cannot help their coming into our Heads, we may chuſe whether we approve them or not. If we do, our Plea of origi-

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original Corruption is not valid, otherwiſe it may be a ſufficient Excuſe.

AFTER this Account, how far they may be Governed, follow five Directions for the governing of them.

I. To chuſe that for the main Buſineſs of our Life, which is really ſuch. And that no doubt is Religion, which, did we but purſue with the ſame Steadineſs that others do their ſecular Intereſts, we ſhould find as many Charms in it, as they, for all their Boaſts, do in their Purſuits, ſhould think of it as often, and with more Pleaſure than thoſe Wordlings do their Delights and Senſualities.

II. To avoid Idleneſs and looſe Company, both which ſtrangely unhinge the Mind, and diſarms it of that Severity which is its beſt Guard againſt ſuch Temptations. Idleneſs is the Mother of moſt of theſe fond Fancies and extravagant Thoughts. But as for looſe and impertinent Company, though it may look, perhaps, with a better Grace than the other, yet the Effects of it are the ſame. For can it be ſuppoſed, that People who ſpend their Time in Merriment, Play, hearing and telling News, viſiting, and being viſited, *&c.* ſhould not think of theſe Things, nay, not to a Fault; ſhould be very light and frothy, nay, Profane and Atheiſtical too, according to the View of the Company they light on.

III. To

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III. To ſuppreſs the firſt Motions of theſe Thoughts, to ſtifle them in their Infancy, that they grow not up and do Miſchief, check their Riſings, and bluſh to think of the Conſequences if they ſhould ripen into Actions, and produce Sin. This will not only lay the preſent Tumult, but, by degrees, gain us ſo habitual a Command over our ſelves, as to be troubled with very few of theſe impertinent Companions, and theſe too ſuch as we may eaſily ſhake off, and get rid of at our Will and Pleaſure.

IV. For not only the avoiding of bad, but the getting a perpetual Supply of good Thoughts, which, like a running Spring, may cheriſh and heat all our Converſation; we muſt take Care to meditate much, read good Books, and keep the beſt Company, which will ſtore us with ſuch Thoughts of a better Nature, that we ſhall not be forced to take up with theſe Trifles and Amuſements. Laſtly, uſe fervent Prayer, and read Scripture often; theſe, whatever others our own Experience and Reflection finds moſt proper in theſe Caſes, will be of vaſt Advantage to us.

V. To allow our ſelves Time and Relaxation from theſe Studies, wherein to let our Fancies take a more eaſy and delightful Range, give them a looſe to innocent Diverſion; but that ſo as to recal them, and command them home on all Occaſions. For it is as vain as it would be unpracticable to ſuppoſe we can always be in a ſerious

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or religious Humour, that we could, like *Pythagoras*'s Scholars, hold our Tongue for five Years together, which, in my Opinion, would make us talk a great deal of Nonſenſe, whenever we deſigned to ſpeak. This is neither required of us, nor could we, in the State we are in at preſent, perform it; beſide, this Temper would do more Injury than Good, would affect our Heads ſo deeply, that we ſhould be unfit for the common, nay, the undiſpenſable Duties of Life. Our Bodies would quickly find the Inconvenience of this unneceſſary Rigor, and we ſhould be ſo over-run with Melancholy and Vapours, that all our fine Speculations would be but a mean Recompence for the Loſs of our Health, and, perhaps, our Reaſon too.

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WALPOLE:

OR, THE

PATRIOT.

——*Eſt Animus* TIBI
Rerumque prudens, & SECUNDIS
Temporibus, DUBIISQUE *rectus;*
VINDEX *Avaræ* FRAUDIS, *& abſtinens*
Ducentis ad ſe Cuncta Pecunia. HOR.

Patriot Soul by Nature is deſign'd
To reſcue Nations, and to ſave Mankind;
His Principles on ſure Foundations fixt,
With no Alloy of Private Int'reſt mixt,

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Even, and uniform to Virtue tend,
And all concenter in the Publick End.

While the vaſt Wheel of Government turns round
In equal Circles, and in lawful Bound;
While the *Great Goddeſs* on the Top preſides,
And all the lower Springs of Action guides;
When each Subordinate with proper Grace
Adjuſts the Motion, and adorns his Place,
Contented then the *Patriot* Spirit Smiles,
And joins with Pleaſure to reward their Toils;
If Envy then diſturb the *Common-Weal*,
Boldly he riſes with an Active Zeal,
Fixt againſt Rage, and Malice to contend,
And in her Friends his Country's Cauſe defend.

But if an *Outward Gloſs*, and gaudy Show,
Conceal the Rancour of Inteſtine Woe;

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If from bad Principles, and latent Seeds,
Inward Corruption on her Vitals feeds,
Cautious and gentle He the Wound explores,
Scorning with Art to skin the growing Sores;
The Cauſe once found ſome Pain ſhe muſt endure,
Tho' ſlow the Progreſs, certain is the Cure.
Barefac'd *Oppreſſion* then ſhall ſtand in Sight,
And *Fraud* detected tremble at the Light:
Tho' long the Thread, tho' intricate the Clue,
Tho' Magic GOLD aſſiſt the ſtubborn Crew,
GOLD which unlawfully deriv'd from Court
Secures the Cheat, and is its own Support:
So Perjur'd Guardians, while the Heir is Young,
Amaſs a Treaſure to protect the Wrong.

Nor does his Breaſt a private Heat conceal,
To leaven, or corrupt a Publick Zeal,
Malice and *Guilt* this Engine have employ'd,
Unſafe theirſelves till others are deſtroy'd.

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But

But Crimes and Perſons cloſely are ally'd,
Which Publick Juſtice only can divide,
To this the *Patriot* Spirit Bravely calls,
Unmov'd where-e're the Fatal Sentence falls.

No Party Heats his Juſt Deſigns Controul,
Or Over-rule the Purpoſe of his Soul,
Him Reaſon guides, and no wild Paſſion draws,
To give a random Vote againſt the Laws;
Which After-Wiſdom would correct in vain,
For Folly regiſter'd 's a laſting Stain.
Poor, Senſeleſs Party Engines! Who are taught
To act by Mechaniſm, not by Thought,
Who ſpeak by rote, and ſell their venal Words,
To pleaſe *Grandees*, and ſmooth *Intriguing Lords!*
Or like a *Judge* unknowing what has paſt,
Gravely conſent to him who ſpoke the laſt,
Or He who thro' a whole Debate had Snor'd,
And wak'd in time to give the Damning Word.

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Not ſo the *Patriot*, who dares Boldly give
In Spite of Crouds a Single *Negative*;
Faction in vain her Thouſand Heads ſhall rear,
Their idle Clamours may offend his Ear,
But not affect his Heart, or touch his Soul with Fear.
Thus once of Old Alone Great *CATO* ſtood
Fixt for the State, and obſtinately Good.

He never makes *Religion*'s Honour bend
To gain a Politic Unlawful End:
Nor would He have her Guardian Patrons Steer
With too remiſs a Hand, or too Severe:
Careful of ev'ry Right, for One deny'd
Gives room for more, and makes the Paſſage wide
To dreaming *Ignorance* and doating *Pride*.

Thus

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Thus while by Him her Sacred Temples ſhine,
The Church Primæval ſhall the World refine,
Deeply ſhall fix her Root, ſhall riſe her Head,
Her Stem ſhall flouriſh, and her Branches ſpread.

His Judgment duly pois'd abhors Extreams,
Averſe to Tyrant and Republic Schemes;
For theſe Extreams become each other's Prey,
Republics riſe as Tyrannies decay;
From their ill Government they firſt advance,
Depend on Fortune, and ſubſiſt by Chance,
Till ſome great Genius tow'ring to Renown,
Pulls the vain *Babel* on the Builders down,
And on the ruin'd Heap confirms his riſing Crown.

Thus *CÆNEUS*, as the Tale informs, began
With Bearded Aſpect, and the Strength of Man:
Next ſmoother Looks and finer Tone betray'd
A Female Weakneſs, and the Man decay'd;

And

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And laſt, revers'd by a capricious Fate,
He held the Man, and re-aſſum'd his *State*.

When gath'ring Clouds aſſume a threat'ning Form,
He warns the State to ſhun the coming Storm;
If ſlighted, ſilently prepares to moan
His Country's Injuries, and not his own;
Forbid it Heav'n that Virtue ſhould not find
This laſt ſad Comfort of an Honeſt Mind!
But conſcious *Guilt* ſuſpects a Pious Tear,
And quick Removals juſtify its Fear.
Thus *CÆSAR* likes not *CASSIUS* in the Play,
But *ANTHONY* the Lewd, the Sot, the Gay;
Such Vices ne'er a Tyrant's Empire touch,
But *CASSIUS reads*, *obſerves*, and *thinks* too much *.

* See *Shakeſpeare's* JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Thus have I ſeen a Factious Crew grow ſtrong,
With Debauchees and Atheiſts in the Throng,
Secure they ſtood while able Stateſmen fell
For Speaking bravely, and for Acting well.

Behold the *Patriot* in Retirement great,
And watching carefully the Steps of Fate!
See giddy Zeal, and reſtleſs Fury burn!
See *Virtue* ſighing for his quick Return!
Which he not urges, nor will long delay,
His Foes aſſiſt him, and prepare the Way;
Self-ruin'd They to mean Expedients fly,
And all the Arts of falling *Greatneſs* try;
Vain is the Stratagem, the Succour ſmall,
That not prevents, but only breaks, the Fall;
Such is Phyſician's Aid amidſt the Strife
Of ſtruggling Nature and departing Life.

Not

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Not with more Joy Old Exil'd *Heroes* came
To raiſe the *Roman* or *Athenian* Name,
To fix the ſhatter'd State, and reunite the Frame.
Than He recall'd by Royal Voice to bear
The Weight of Nations, and the Public Care,
And all the *Waſte* of *War* and *Fraud* repair.
Rapine, a Monſter of *Harpeyan* Race,
Of *Brutal* Appetite, but *Human* Face;
Her glutton Progeny o'er all had ſpread;
And on the Vitals of the Public fed;
Her Hunger ſtill renewing as before,
Still hov'ring round the Relicts of the Store;
But now at his Approach She wings away,
And leaves repining her *unfiniſh'd Prey*.

In *Him* behold unblemiſh'd FAITH ſucceed,
And *Courage* daring for that *Faith* to bleed!
Antient *Integrity* of Soul, untaught
To act Himſelf, or hide another's Fault;

Friendſhip experienc'd much in *Evil Days*,
From Foes extorting an unwilling Praiſe;
To *Thrones* a *Duty* ever found ſincere,
Above baſe *Flatt'ry*, or diſtruſtful *Fear*.
Let others their diſſembled Wiſdom place
In a Proud Brow, or a diſtorted Face;
Truth needs no borrow'd Features, but is ſeen
Beſt in her Native and Unclouded Mien;
But Actions only Virtue can expreſs,
And ſhew the *Patriot* in his proper Dreſs.
Jealous of all the Honours of the Throne,
He makes its Pow'r, as well as Mercy known,
And ſcorns to ſee the *Britiſh* Scepter bend
To the Proud Inſults of a Foreign Friend;
For ſuch Conceſſions muſt Betray at length,
Or want of Courage, or defect of Strength.
Britain tenacious of her Spotleſs Fame,
Reveng'd with Streams of Blood her injur'd
Name.

For

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For this have Kings and Nations felt their Doom,
And Pontiffs trembled at Imperial *Rome.*
And doubt we to assert our *Fathers* Deeds?
Or are we chang'd, and a new Soul succeeds?
But how unlike that Spirit which of old
Scorn'd that her *Kings* precarious Crowns should hold;
Or meanly from their State descending hear
A Pow'r inferior regulate their Sphere?
Or do we partial blame, and is this Crime,
The Native Product of our *English* Clime?
From hence was first the Fatal Poison brought,
And Foreign States but speak as they were taught?
O *Britain!* How unhappy were thy Sway,
If Subjects Rule, and *Monarchs* must Obey;
If groundless Bold Complaints presume to tell
A *Faction*'s Will, and *only not* Rebel.

While

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While WAR is Neceſſary, Juſt, and Fair,
He thinks that *War* becomes a Patriot's Care:
But who would always riot it in Blood,
Unpeopling Nations for *Another*'s Good?
Who would protract *Campaigns* upon *Campaigns*,
For real Loſſes, and uncertain Gains?
If *Heroes* at ſo Dear a Rate are made,
And *Laurels* flouriſh in ſo Dark a Shade,
In other Climes ye Mighty *Heroes* riſe,
Flouriſh ye *Laurels* far in diſtant Skies.

Soon may the Sons of Peace their Voices raiſe!
And as they taſte the Gift, the Givers praiſe.
To ſuch a Work what *Prudence* muſt be brought?
What Depth of *Knowledge*, and what Reach of *Thought*?

What

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What Steddineſs of *Spirit* to engage
With Foreign *Policy*, and *Party Rage?*
That Rage which vainly and profuſely caſt,
But helps the Bleſſing, which it ſtrives to blaſt,
While the Great Work its own Completion brings,
Moving by ſecret Weights, and hidden Springs.
Thus in the Womb of Earth Great NATURE lies,
Mixing her Cauſes far from Human Eyes;
Tempeſts and Storms upon her Surface blow,
Whoſe *Fury* more promotes the Work below;
By ſilent Steps the Fair Effects appear,
Herb, Flow'r, and Tree, their various Beauties rear,
And SPRING leads on the *New* revolving Year.

In

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In this ſhort Copy of the *Patriot*'s Mind,
A faint Reſemblance of the True you find.
Imperfect Draughts give Pleaſure to ſome Eyes,
Where what the Picture wants, the Thought ſupplies.
All know the *Man* whom FACTION once remov'd,
Admir'd in *Senate*, and in *Court* Belov'd;
Of whoſe Deſerts *Envy* will be the Teſt,
That always aims her Arrows at the Beſt,
And let the TOWER Walls proclaim the reſt.

FINIS.

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POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, upon his going into *Germany*.

Written in the Year 1702.

GO, mighty Prince, and those great Nations see,
Which thy victorious Arms before made free;
View that fam'd *Column*, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their *Empire* sav'd;

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Point out that *Marble*, where thy Worth is shown
To every grateful Country, but thy own.
O Censure undeserv'd! Unequal Fate!
Which strove to lessen *Him* who made *Her* great;
Which, pamper'd with Success, and rich in Fame,
Extoll'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name:
But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger, but *Domestick Jars*.
Leaves busy Tongues, and lying Fame behind,
And tries at least in other Climes to find
Our Rage by Mountains and by Seas confin'd:
Yet, smiling at the Dart which *Envy* shakes,
He only fears for *Her* whom he forsakes;
He grieves to find the Course of Virtue croſt,
Blushing to see our Blood no better lost:
Disdains in factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Absence most *Britannia's* Friend.

So

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So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious Envy which his Arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his Country's Cause requir'd,
To shine in *Peace* or *War*, and be again admir'd.

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The Favourite:

A

SIMILE.

Written in the Year, 1712.

WHEN Boys at *Eton* once a Year
In military Pomp appear,
He who juſt trembled at the Rod,
Treads it a *Heroe*, talks a *God*,
And in an Inſtant can create
A *dozen Officers* of *State*.
His little Legion all aſſail,
Arreſt without Releaſe or Bail:
Each paſſing Traveller muſt halt,
Muſt pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.

You

You don't love *Salt*, You say ——— and storm ———
Look o'these *Staves*, Sir ——— and *Conform*;
But yet this *Sun*, that shines so bright,
In *sable* Gown will *set* at Night,
And Morn return with *College* Appetite.

Thus the *new Favourite* in his Plumes,
New Manners and *new Airs* assumes:
He who before was at your Whistle,
Begins to bully, frown, and bristle;
And to his Band of hireling *Tartars*
Gives *Pensions*, *Places*, *Titles*, *Garters*;
His Schemes, his Projects, all must be
A Law to *Bob*, his *Grace*, and *Me*:
His Friends stand close, and aid his Pow'r;
What, don't you like him? ——— to the *Tow'r*.
You swear 'tis strange ——— but let this Fume
In busy Play itself consume:
See him chagrin at last retire
To a *Welch* Farm and Country Fire: ———

With

With this to comfort fallen State,
The Time has been when he was Great.

ANACREONTIC.

IS it *Summer? Wine* produce,
Give me the kind recruiting Juice.
No Day must now a Drought escape,
No Day but helps to bring the *Grape*:
Soon as the tender Bloſſoms ſhoot,
Drink to the future promis'd *Fruit*;
And when to ſwell the Gems begin,
Drink to each increaſing *Skin*;
Drink to ev'ry different Hue,
The *red'ning Green*, and *gloſſy Blue*;
And when the ripe'ned Loads appear,
Drink to the full accompliſh'd Year.

When Nature now has done her Part
Fill again —— *Success to Art* ——

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See, see! the happy Work disposd,
The fuming Vessels now are clos'd:
Come, drink, that *Winter* may refine
And purify the new made *Wine*,
The Product now of former *Suns*,
That in a due Perfection runs.
The good *Old* Cask, of brighter Hue,
Must show what Fate attends the *New*.
Let the Elder Brothers Dye,
That Younger may their Place supply:
Away with moral Cant and Reason,
Wine is never out of Season.

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TWO EPIGRAMS

ANACREON.

Upon TIMOCRITUS.

Timocritus the Bold, the Great, the Brave,
Kill'd in the Field, here triumphs in the Grave.
The *Valiant* often Dye in martial Strife,
The *Cowards* Live, and Perish without Life.

Upon a Statue of MYRO *representing an*

FEED, Cow-Herd, feed thy Oxen far away,
Left they too nearly should to *Myro*'s stray,
And thou, whose Judgment pardonably err'd,
Drive Home the *breathing Statue* with the *Herd.*

Translations

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Translations from *Lucan*,

Occasion'd by the

Tragedy of CATO.

The Character of *CATO*. From *LUCAN*. BOOK II.

Written in the Year 1713.

LUCAN, *in this Description of* CATO, *had as strict a Regard to Truth as any Historian. His private Life, the Simplicity of his Manners and Habit, his Notions of Philosophy, and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently painted.*

—— *Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis*
Secta fuit. ——

THese *Cato's* Morals were, and this the Kind
Of His rough *Sect*, and His severer Mind,
A due proportion'd Medium to attend,
And think, while Living, to respect his End;

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To follow Nature, and observe her Laws,
To pour His Life out in his Country's Cause;
From mean Ideas, to enlarge his Mind,
Nor think his Actions to Himself confin'd,
Not *Cato* born for One, but *All Mankind.*
He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense,
A happy *Epicure* in Abstinence;
His House, to keep out Cold, alone did seem;
Convenience was *Magnificence* to Him.
Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore,
Such as His *Sabine* great Forefathers wore:
Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express,
This was His *Pomp* and *Gaiety* of Dress:
He sought the Pleasure of a chast Embrace,
For One great End, to propagate his Race:
Severely Honest, Just without Allay,
Studious the Common Good alone to weigh.
At once Discreet, and fond in ev'ry View,
His *Country's Husband*, and Her *Father* too.

Him

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Him *Brutus* found with wakeful Care oppress'd,
The Publick Good revolving in his Breast:
Big with the Fate and Destiny of *Rome*,
Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom.
Fearful what each might Act and each Endure,
But unconcern'd, and for *Himself* secure.

O! wou'd the Gods above and those below
In Mercy hearken to their *Cato*'s Vow,
And on This willingly devoted Head
All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed!
For *Rome* of old her *Decii* could fall,
In one Illustrious Ruin saving all:
That thus I might this single Life expose,
To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes!
O! against Me may both their Hosts engage;
Set up the happy Mark of Publick Rage:
Hither fly ev'ry Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,
And ev'ry vile *Barbarian* Arm strike *Here*.

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I would sustain each Individual's Share;
Be pierc'd, be gor'd, by ev'ry Murd'rer there,
And all their Wounds in *bleeding Transport* bear.
Could but this Blood for her Preservance spilt,
Redeem the Nation, and attone her Guilt:
Could this one Sacrifice prevent her Doom,
And quit the Score between her Gods and *Rome*.

A Description of the Field of Battel, after CÆSAR *was Conqueror at* Pharsalia.

From the VIIth Book of LUCAN.

THen dire *Pharsalia*'s Plain all breathing Blood
Call'd forth the Wolves and Tygers from the Wood,
And gorg'd the Lyons with her horrid Food.
Each left his common Prey, his Fellow-Beast,
To riot on a more luxurious Feast;
The Bears forsook their Caves for this Repast,
And Dogs obscene ran howling o'er the Waste;

All

All Animals that scent the Tainted Air,
Of Smell sagacious, came exulting there.
The Birds that wont at Battels to appear,
Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear,
Came numberless: The Kinds that us'd of old
To change for milder *Nile* the *Thracian* Cold,
Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight,
And wing'd their *Western* Way with later Flight.
Never such Flocks of *Vultures* heretofore
Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er,
Nor such uncommon Weight the loaded *Æther* bore.
Each desolated Wood sent forth her Kind,
The Wood now lab'ring *only* with the Wind;
All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd,
And *Roman* Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd.
Oft on the impious Standards which they bore
Trickled in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore;
Oft as the *Vulture*, weary'd out with Toil,
Her Talons weaken'd, and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,

Shook

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Shook her wet Pinions in the Airy Space,
The ſcatter'd Blood his *Triumph* to diſgrace,
Fell from on high, and ſtain'd the *Victor's* Face.
Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,
This Sepulchre, this living Grave obtain,
And, by the Beaſts, converted into Food,
Or harden into Bone, or flow in Blood;
The Beaſts themſelves their inner Bowels ſpare,
Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care;
Nicely the Limbs they Taſte, reject, and chuſe,
And more than half the *Roman* Hoſt refuſe.
Whatever Coarſes in the Field they find,
Touch'd by the Sun, or Tainted by the Wind,
They careleſs paſs, and leave diſdainfully behind.

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Upon Mr. ADDISONS's CATO.

LONG had the *Tragic Muſe* forgot to Weep,
By modern *Operas* quite lull'd a-ſleep:
No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was clear,
Thus Senſe was ſacrific'd to pleaſe the Ear.
At laſt, † *One Wit* ſtood up in our Defence,
And dar'd (O Impudence!) to publiſh——— Senſe.

Soon then as next the juſt *Tragedian* ſpoke,
The *Ladies* ſigh'd again, the *Beaus* awoke.
Thoſe Heads that us'd moſt indolent to move
To *Sing-ſong*, *Ballad*, and *Sonata* Love,
Began their bury'd Senſes to explore,
And found they now had Paſſions as before:
The Power of *Nature* in their Boſoms felt,
In Spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.

When

† *The Spectator.*

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When *Cato*'s firm, all Hope of Succour paſt,
Holding his ſtubborn Virtue to the laſt,
I view, with Joy and conſcious Tranſport fir'd,
The *Soul* of *Rome* in one Great Man retir'd:
In Him, as if She by Confinement gain'd,
Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher ſtrain'd,
Than when in Crowds of *Senators* She reign'd!
Cato well ſcorn'd the Life that *Cæſar* gave,
When *Fear* and *Weakneſs* only bid him ſave:
But when a Virtue, like his own, revives
The *Hero*'s Conſtancy———with Joy he lives.

Obſerve the Juſtneſs of the Poet's Thoughts,
Whoſe ſmalleſt Excellence is Want of Faults!
Without affected Pomp and Noiſe he warms,
Without the gaudy Dreſs of Beauty charms.
Love, the old Subject of the Buſkin'd Muſe,
Returns, but ſuch as *Roman Virgins* uſe.
A *Virtuous Love*, chaſtis'd by pureſt Thought,
Not from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

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Britons,

Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold
Your former Wits, and all your Bards of Old:
Johnson out-vy'd in his own Way confess,
And own that *Shakespear*'s self now pleases less.
While *Phœbus* binds the Laurel on his Brow,
Rise up, ye *Muses*, and ye *Poets Bow*:
Superiour Worth with Admiration greet,
And place him neerest to his *Phœbus* Seat.

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UPON

His Majeſty's

ACCESSION.

Inſcrib'd to His Grace

John Duke of *Marlborough.*

Written in the Year, 1714.

Quo nihil majus meliuſve terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi;
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priſcum. Hor.

WHAT? Are at length the doubtful Nations freed?
Does *Britain* ſmile again, and GEORGE ſucceed?

And

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And no new SPENSER touch the ſilent String:
No HALIFAX Inſpire, nor CONGREVE Sing?
Not thus Ye promis'd, O! Ye Sons of Fame,
Pleas'd with the diſtant Glories of his Name,
With num'rous Monarchs in Succeſſive Train,
And Sons of Heroes down from Reign to Reign,
Celeſtial Progeny!——And now ye view
In your own GEORGE that Scene of Wonders true.
Begin then, Muſe, to theſe auſpicious Days
Aſſert thy Right, and pay thy votive Lays.

Queen of the Ocean, fair *Britannia*, riſe;
From leaden Bands of Sleep unſeal thy Eyes.
Awake to Glory: Be as once before,
When *William* ſtretch'd thy Fame from Shore to Shore,
And taught thy Foes to fear no greater Name,
'Till in accompliſh'd Time a *Brunſwick* came.
O! True Deſcendant of a Royal Line,
In whom at once the Saint and Hero join;

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Born to retrieve a ſinking Nation's Fate,
And raiſe her high in Virtue, as in State;
To urge her Conqueſts in a Righteous Cauſe,
And give Eternal Sanction to her Laws.

Bleſt be the Guardian Angel of the Iſle!
That this fair Branch tranſplanted from the Soil
That nurtur'd it with Care in Foreign Climes,
Free from the ſickly Taint of *Britiſh* Crimes,
To re-tranſlate it to the Land at length,
In fuller Honours and maturer Strength.
So (for tho' different our Senſe they ſtrike,
The Works of Providence are ſtill alike)
When ſwelling Ocean above Ocean roſe,
To purge the Guilty World of all her Woes,
One choſen Houſe, by Miracles immur'd,
The Great Rewarder of their Faith ſecur'd;
From whom a better Race of Men ſhould ſpring,
The Holy Patriarch, and the Scepter'd King.

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Juſt Heaven! we now forgive thy vengeful Hand,
For all the Plagues that ſcourg'd an impious Land;
For all ſhe felt in long Inglorious Reigns,
Oppreſs'd with Rebels Arms, and Tyrants Chains;
Since from their Errors we are taught to know
What Duty Subjects, and what Princes owe:
And *Britain* can with equal Pleaſure ſee
Her Monarch Glorious, and her People Free.

Dear Spot of Liberty! Fair Virtue's Seat!
On this Foundation Thou art truly Great;
Thus ſafe at Home, thy Pow'rs increaſe Abroad,
The Main is Freed, the Continent is Aw'd.

See! See already how thy ſwelling Fame
Spreads thro' the World in this Auſpicious Name;
See how the Nations gather round, and own
The Riſing Terrours of thy *George*'s Throne.
Contending Monarchs their Debates ſuſpend,
To court his Friendſhip, and his Smile attend;

So

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So early in their Praises they appear,
As they would emulate his *Britains* Care;
States adverse to the Name such Honours bring,
As if they wish'd at least for such a *King*.

How chang'd the Scene! how diff'rent is the View
From what of late our doubtful Country knew!
When, sick and wanton with successful Pride,
Ungratefully her Blessings she deny'd:
Amidst her Glories at her self repin'd,
And the dear Purchase of her Blood declin'd;
Beheld the Waste of Providence with Pain,
And flung all back upon its Hands again.

Then all her Warriours Hearts at once grew cold,
Full in the Heat of Victories controul'd;
Then, at the Momentary Point of Fate,
When *Tyranny* was nodding to its Date,
A sudden Sickness seiz'd the trembling Land,
Envy prevail'd, and shorten'd *Marlbro's* Hand.

He

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He went, the *Voluntary Exile* went,
And left th' Ungrateful Island to repent;
While Factious Statesmen, careless of her Grief,
Indulg'd their Feuds, and brought her no Relief,
Till He, like some bright Star, appear'd again,
The Glorious Harbinger of *George*'s Reign.

Forgive, Great Sir, the Muse, that dares allay
With any backward Gloom this brighter Day:
Perhaps the Work, for *Marlbro*'s Arm too Great,
Was kept for You by a peculiar Fate:
And sure Heav'n seem'd of Old design'd to grace
With some such signal Act thy Fav'rite Race;
Which early in its own Defence it chose,
To purge its Altars, and Reform its Foes.

They soonest pierc'd the *Church*'s darksome Gloom,
And snatch'd *Religion* from the Chains of *Rome*;
Taught *Bright-ey'd Faith* to soar above the Skies,
And leave her Legends, Venerable Lies;

Then

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Then *Superſtition*, of a motley Hue,
With all her Idol-Saints and Gods withdrew;
While Hood-wink'd *Ignorance* her Reign reſign'd,
Reaſon reſum'd her Empire o'er the Mind.

Thus They: And ſtill amid Thy Gen'rous Line
New Heroes flouriſh, and new Patriots ſhine.
Succeſſive Scenes of Glory ſtrike our Eyes,
For Greater Actions Greater Spirits riſe;
'Till Providence, collecting all its Might,
Bid *You* go forth, and Conquer in its Right;
*Snatch Hoſts of Martyrs from the Threat'ning Grave,
And from the Flames a Thouſand Temples ſave.
The Barb'rous *Infidel* with Rage beheld
The *Croſs* Triumphant, and the *Creſcent* Quell'd.

Then Juſt Preſages Thy *Germania* drew
Of future Wonders to be done by *You*;

And

* *Siege of Vienna.*

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And soon whate'er Her boldest Hopes conceiv'd,
Thy Counsels acted, or thy Arms atchiev'd.

Behold! how *Gallia*, Formidable Name!
Revives Her ancient Arbitrary Claim:
That Tide, by *Nassau* check'd, with greater Force
Rolls back, and covers Nations in its Course:
Again his sinking Country calls his Sword;
Again She calls, and is again Restor'd.

Enough, Great Prince, is given thy Native Land,
Twice Sav'd and Rescu'd by thy Powerful Hand.
Now to the Voice of other Nations bend,
Wide as the World thy Saving Aid extend:
In *Britain*'s Kings all Countries claim a Share,
For so before they bless'd Her *William*'s Care:
And now His Kingdoms, and his Virtues too,
(The best Succession) are devolv'd on You.
O! may the Land, all Storms of Envy past,
Be just unto that *Hero*'s Shade at last;

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Pay ev'ry Honour to His Ashes due,
While we with Joy and Admiration view
How much He lov'd Us by His Choice of You.

Thee, Great Reformer of a Vicious Age,
Healer of Discord, and of Civil Rage,
All Tongues with emulating Pride confess,
Divided Nations own, and Factions Bless.
Monarchs long seated on a Peaceful Throne,
By Acts of Mercy and Indulgence known,
Scarce such Affection from their People gain,
As *You* possess, now *You* Begin to Reign.
Safe in our Prince's Piety we scorn
To make our Duty wait the slow Return,
Till Time and Gratitude shall bid it burn:
Their Zeal can never rise too fast, who know
They cannot Pay so much as they shall Owe.

No more, *Britannia*, shall thy Sceptre stand
Doubtful of each succeeding Master's Hand;

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No *Gallic Idol* raiſe unmanly Fears,
For lo! thy *Other Hope*, a *Prince* appears,
Sufficient Guardian to ſecure his own,
And to Poſterity confirm his Throne;
While the Young Hero forms our Gen'rous Youth
To *Britiſh* Valour, and to *German* Truth.

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VERSES

To His GRACE

The Duke of *Marlborough*,

Upon the REBELLION in 1715.

ONCE more, Great *Prince*, in shining Arms appear,
And draw that Sword which *Gallia* us'd to fear:
All other Nations have thy Succour known;
The last great Task is to Relieve thy *Own*.
Afflicted *Europe*, when she sought thy Aid,
The Price of Liberty in Glory paid;
But Duty here no Foreign Motive needs,
It is enough to Thee——that *Britain* bleeds:
Ungrateful *Britain!* Prodigal in Ill,
To thee Ungrateful——yet thy *Country* still.

Go

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Go, Mighty *Chief*, and draw thy Vet'rans forth,
Lead them to Conquest in the Frozen *North*:
O'er barb'rous Wilds and Mountains spread thy Name,
That ev'ry Clime may share in *Marlb'ro's* Fame.
Go, teach the *Rebel* * who his *Sov'reign* Braves,
That thy Hand Punishes, as well as Saves;
That *George* in Virtues Great, by Nature Good,
Would free the stubborn Slaves without their Blood;
But since the giddy Rout for Slaughter calls,
By his own Choice the wilful *Traytor* falls.

Such Transient Storms have rose in ev'ry Age,
The rash Results of dying *Faction's* Rage.
A While these *Meteors* terrible appear,
And fill the Weak, and Ignorant with Fear;
The Wise, undaunted on their Course attend,
Knowing their Rise, they calculate their End.
Pretended Kings, and *Prophets*, are the Test
By which we judge of, and Obey the *Best*.

Then

* *Earl of Mar.*

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Then, *Britain*, give vain Terrors to the Air,
It is the Traytor's only to despair.

When thy great *Hero* arm'd to Vengeance rose,
Who ever trembl'd—but his Country's Foes?
Already *Justice* walks, *Guilt* flies away,
Leaves her own Land in others to betray;
And only now the Refuse Rabble wait
A Nobler Death, unworthy of that Fate,
Honour'd by *Marlbro's* Victory—A Fall
That might become a *Roman*, or a *Gaul*.

AN

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Occasion'd by the Death of the Right Honourable *Charles*, late Earl of HALIFAX.

Written in the Year 1715.

AND shall great *Halifax* resign to Fate,
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,
And lie the Muses with their Patron Dead?
Convince us, *Addison*, his Spirit reigns,
Breathing again in thy Immortal Strains:

To

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To thee the list'ning World impartial bends,
Since *Halifax* and Envy now are Friends.

Me deeply smit with Love of Nature's Laws,
The Vital Union and Dissolving Cause,
His Worth transports beyond this fleeting Frame,
To tell how Dying Patriots live in Fame;
Virtues like his the meanest Bard can raise;
And 'tis Ambition but to strive to praise.

When Scenes of Action are obscure and low,
Nature moves silent, and advances slow;
Defers to distant Days, and Ages fit,
The Pow'rs of Genius, and the Fires of Wit.
She suits her Times of Wonder to her Men,
And to a *Cæsar* gives a *Virgil*'s Pen:
When Toils are destin'd for the Brave or Wise,
A *Nassau*, and a *Montague* arise.

Yet

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Yet Virtue often, sullen and retir'd,
Shines to her self, nor cares to be admir'd;
Distrusting Fortune, or by Fears betray'd,
Round her own Merit casts an Envious Shade.
The Patriot-Soul with warmer Notions fir'd,
Or by some secret Providence inspir'd,
Waits with Impatience for the Publick Voice,
And owes his useful Greatness to his Choice;
Ev'en when excluded from more noble Views,
Some lower Tract of Glory still persues.
Thus *Philip*'s Son, *Arbela* yet unfought,
With the Great *Stagyrite* in private thought:
Thus *Julius* once to Eloquence laid Claim,
And *Halifax* first chose the Poet's Fame.

O *Addison*! assert the *Poet-Race*,
And save the Kindred *Muses* from Disgrace.
Say, by the Pow'rs of heavenly Numbers taught,
How *Monarchs* govern'd, and how *Heroes* fought,

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When yet *Morality* in Verſe was ſung,
And Lyres by none but hallow'd Fingers ſtrung;
When Bards unpractis'd in the Arts of Praiſe,
Flatter'd no *Tyrants* in their ſervile Lays,
And ſcorn'd to gild in proſtituted Rhimes
An *Ox—d*'s Treaſons, or a *Bourbon*'s Crimes.
They choſe their Themes like *Halifax* and *You*,
Selected Spirits, and the Virtuous *Few*,
Who founded Laws, or baniſh'd Faith reſtor'd,
Or for their Country drew the righteous Sword;
Fit Objects to employ the Voice Divine
Of *Cato*'s, *Naſſau*'s, or of *Brunſwick*'s Line.

Fir'd with theſe Names the Muſe ambitious tow'rs,
Fond of her Theme, forgetful of her Pow'rs;
But ſoon ſhe falters, and to you reſigns
The Rival Majeſty of *Virgil*'s Lines;
Content, if her inferior rude Eſſays
Hurt not his Aſhes, whom they meant to praiſe.

Ye

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Ye murm'ring Sons of *Phœbus*, call no more
The Banks of *Helicon* a barren Shore;
The Gods their Favourites thence to Honours bring,
And kindly raiſe them on the Muſes Wing.
There *Montague*, with ſecret Rapture warm'd,
At *Charles*'s Urn the liſt'ning Shepherds charm'd;
So much the God indulg'd the youthful Lays,
Spenſer might own the Song, and *Sidney* praiſe;
So well he ſhar'd the Character he writ,
The *gentleſt Manners*, and the *ſtrongeſt Wit*.

Succeeding Days require no pious Strain;
For ah! what Tongue can ſing when *Tyrants* reign?
Who wake the String, or tune the ſprightly Reeds,
To Notes of Pleaſure, when his *Country* bleeds?
Apollo, then no more thy Sons inſpire,
Then blaſt the Hand that dares provoke the Lyre,
Or ſtain their Actions with unhallow'd Rhimes,
And *Bavius*'s and *D—y*'s damn their Times.

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But see! the Clouds of *Romish* Night disperse,
And *William* gives a brighter Theme for Verse.
As a brave Champion half his Force conceals,
'Till he some new uncommon Impulse feels;
Then meets an Object worthy of the Fight,
And puts forth all the Wonders of his Might;
His Foes stand trembling, and his Friends admire,
Where slept the hidden Strength, and secret Fire:
Thus *Halifax*'s Muse, 'till *William* came,
Check'd half her Vigour, and restrain'd her Flame;
Then soaring boldly with no middle Wing,
O'er Earth and Seas pursu'd the Godlike King,
Fill'd with new Fury ev'ry glowing Line,
And found a second *Zanthus* in the *Boyne*.

Ye Pow'rs! how just, how num'rous is that Song!
How rich the Fancy, and the Vein how strong!
The hurry'd Reader with the Poet flies,
Yet looks on all he pass'd with longing Eyes;

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At ev'ry Prospect equal Passions burn,
Pleas'd, he proceeds, yet wishes to return;

Here, *Britons*, see what diff'rent Spirit reigns
In free-born Muses, and in slavish Strains:
Observe how artful *Boileau* sweats and toils,
To plume his Demi-God with borrow'd Spoils;
From *Cæsar*, or *Æneas*, steals a Grace,
And forms from ancient Draughts a modern Face.

While *Montagne* recline, without Controul,
Fix'd on the Greatness of his Hero's Soul,
Trusts to his Theme his Numbers to inspire,
With proper Raptures, and Poetic Fire.

But, Sir, methinks I hear you check the Song
That dwells upon his meanest Praise too long,
And bid me trace, with a superior Quill,
The *Patriot's* Wisdom, and the *Statesman's* Skill.

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O! take the mighty Taſk, for *You* alone
Can charm in Language equal to his own;
Deſcribe him form'd with ev'ry Grace to pleaſe,
Exceſſive Spirit, Fluency, and Eaſe:
Expert in wiſe Aſſemblies to preſide,
The doubtful *Senate's* Oracle and Guide;
Whoſe Eloquence, without the formal Art
Flow'd, to convince the Head, and warm the Heart.
Say, when fierce Murmurs, and Contention roſe,
(For Virtue finds in ev'ry Reign its Foes)
His Soul an equal Firmneſs ſtill maintain'd,
Compos'd their Tumults, and their Heats reſtrain'd.

Or paint Him watchful over future Fates,
The Turns and Moments of contending States;
Directing where *Britannia's* Sword ſhould ſway
Her dreadful Edge, and where her Thunder play:
Conſulting ſtill in each important Aim,
His Country's Safety, and his Monarch's Fame.

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These Publick Actions be thy juster Choice;
Then, *Addison*, inspire some second Voice,
To trace his less ambitious Scenes of Life,
Retir'd from Noisy Crouds, and Civil Strife;
Where the free Soul unbends her self, to please
In Social Virtues, and in Letter'd Ease;
Where chearful Looks, and friendly Speech give Birth
To wise Enjoyments, and *Socratick* Mirth.

For ever, *Hampton*, Sacred be thy Tow'rs,
Spring fresh thy Greens, and flourish thick thy Bow'rs;
There, still defended by indulgent Skies,
The Warriour's Wreath, and Poet's Garland rise!
These Scenes with deep Regard, Ye Sages, grace;
Ye Bards, with solemn Honours mark the Place;
Raise it as high in Ages yet to come,
As *Chaucer*'s Grove, or *Tully*'s *Tusculum*.
Then, while Posterity their Acts display,
The Gen'rous *Briton* shall with Rapture say,

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These Shades, absolv'd from War, Great *William* sought,
And *Halifax* in those Recesses Thought.

When Sixteen barren Centuries were past,
This Second Great *Mæcenas* came at last;
In whom Example and Protection join'd,
All Sciences improv'd, all Arts refin'd,
And made our stubborn *English* Sense submit
To the just Culture of *Athenian* Wit.

To Thee, Blest Genius! thy *Britannia* owes,
That Learning in a purer Channel flows;
That Vice no more the Price of Virtue reaps,
Nor modest Want in silent Sorrow weeps;
That Glory courts the Wise, the Good, the Strong,
And only virtuous Merit lives in Song.

Rest then, Great Soul! secure of deathless Fame!
Blest be thy Dust, and sacred be thy Name!

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Be it invok'd in all our future Lays,
With lasting Honour, and Religious Praise,
'Till *Cato*'s Works with *Liberty* expire,
Or *Newton*'s die in falling Worlds of Fire.

G ON

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ON THE

Death of the Young Prince.

Advertisement.

LONG POEMS, and such we are mostly visited with, seem design'd as the utmost Line of the Author's Sense, and the Bookseller's Profit.

THE following, is an Attempt to write only so much as is proper, without diversifying Thoughts and Images twenty Ways, and yet keeping one Design in the Reader's Eye.

IT was written, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in the Heat of Sorrow, and on an Occasion which speaks for it self; and at a Time when too many seem insensible of the Consequences, *which, perhaps, are really more mournful than they may at present appear.*

IT suffices me, because I desire to be exempted from the Number of the Ungrateful and Uncompassionate, to say, His Saltem Accumulem.

VERSES

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VERSES
TO
Her Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS of *WALES.*

Occasion'd by the

Death of the Young PRINCE.

FAIR *Royal Mourner!* hear the Pious Muse
Condole that Sorrow which none dare accuse.

Those Tears which from the Source of Nature flow,
To publick Losses we more justly owe:

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Now, not to Grieve, were *Treason*, and would prove,
Not want of *Pity*, but our *Country's Love.*

O *Fairest Light!* O loft in early Morn!
Child of a Nations Wishes: *British-Born!*
How at Thy Birth (as when some new-form'd Star
Shines, the pure Arbiter of guilty War)
Britannia hop'd to see her *Factions* cease,
And drew Presages of her Future Peace!
On Thee the rugged Brow of *Party* smil'd,
And look'd, and lov'd the Reconciling *Child:*
Thy Cradle join'd all disagreeing Minds;
So the rough Stones the softer Cement binds.

Fond *English-Mothers*, full of *English-Joy*,
Stood near, and gaz'd with Wonder on the Boy;
Then thinking on their Own, at once confest,
Their Pride diminish'd, and their Country blest.
'Happy! *they cry'd*, the Womb from whence He sprung!
'Happy the lovely Neck on which He hung!

'New

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'New Joy and Rapture ev'ry Bosom Fire,
'But most transport the *Mother* and the *Sire*:
'The *Mother* and the *Sire* still Fruitful Live,
'Long, very long, such Yearly Blessings Give!

Here, old in War, the hardy Soldier came,
Saw his Eyes lighten with a Hero's Flame.
Such He remember'd were the lucky Signs,
And such the Promise of his *Father's* Loins,
When *Britain's* Empire could not be Divin'd,
And *Audenard* was *only then design'd.*

But Oh! when to a Pitch our Wishes rise,
Pride casts a Mist before our guilty Eyes:
We think not what we merit, but in Haste
Grasp the new Joy, and use it all to Waste.
Thus for our Guilt the *Royal Infant* bleeds;
The *Royal Mother* weeps for *British* Deeds.
Unworthy of the Flow'r, as soon as bloom'd,
Heav'n its own Gift in Anger has resum'd;

Just

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Just shew'd him to the World, then snatch'd him hence,
To teach us how to prize *Another Prince.*
Were not our Crimes all black, of deepest Grain,
The pious *Mother* had not su'd in vain.
The *Fair* Attendants on her Woe declare,
How the Saint wrestled with Her God in Pray'r!
How humbly Mournful! how intensely True,
On Wings of Fire Her Soul's Devotion flew!
How watch'd the tedious Night in lengthen'd Sighs!
And saw the Morning Sun in Tears arise.
The Gates of Mercy still remain un-storm'd,
The *Mother's* and the *Christian* Part perform'd.
She must Resign!——and so She patient will,
Yet keep the *Mother* and the *Christian* still.

The *Patriarch* thus, when Heav'n reclaim'd aloud
The Son it gave, the destin'd Off'ring vow'd,
And, faithful to his God, in sad Obedience Bow'd.

To

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To the Author of a NOVEL, *entitled,* The AMOURS of BOSVIL and GALESIA.*

COndemn me not, *Galeſia*, Fair unknown,
If I, to praiſe Thee, firſt my Error own;
A partial View and Prejudice of Fame
Slighted thy Pages for the *Novel*'s Name:
Methought I ſcorn'd of Nymphs and Knights to dream
And all the Trifles of a *Love-Tale* Scheme;
Poor dry *Romances* of a tortur'd Brain,
Where we ſee none but the Compoſer's Pain.
Thus I, by former Rules of Judgment led,
But ſoon my Fault recanted as I read.

So by falſe *Seers* miſdoubting Men betray'd,
Are often of the real Guide afraid;

But

* *Written by Mrs.* Jane Barker.

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But when by Proof convinc'd they lend an Ear,
Their Truths *Diviner* from their Foils appear.

Who now can bear their ſtiff affected Vein,
Their Loves, their *Cupids*, and the idle Train,
Which Fools are pleas'd with, and which Mad-men feign?
When Here he may with juſter Wonder view
The Charms of Nature, and thoſe painted true:
By what ſtrange Springs our real Paſſions move,
How vain are all Diſguiſes when we Love;
What Wiles and Stratagems the Men ſecure,
And what the tortur'd Female Hearts endure;
Compell'd to ſtifle what they feign would tell,
While Truth commands, but Honour muſt rebel.

All this, ſo well, ſo naturally dreſt,
At once with Wit and Innocence expreſt,
So true appears, ſo juſt, and yet ſo plain,
We mourn thy Sorrows, and we feel thy Pain.

None

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None here is like thy falſe Diſſembler found,
All Pity Thee but He who gave the Wound.

And yet the perjur'd Swain, *Galeſa*, ſpare,
Nor urge on Vengeance with a haſty Pray'r;
Tho' much He merits it, ſince all agree
Enough He's Puniſh'd in his loſing Thee.

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To Dr. R--------y, *on his Marriage with Mrs.* M----y W-----s.

WHile Joys unnumber'd all thy Soul poſſeſs;
While Friends congratulate, and Parents (bleſs;
Each ſtriving with officious Joy to prove
How much you Merit, and how well you Love;
Fain would my Heart increaſe the friendly Strain,
And bring the Muſes where the Graces reign.

Awake, ye Loves, to *Wormly* All repair;
For Beauty's ſolemn Feſtival is there.
There ſee a Better, purer *Venus* riſe,
And light your Torches at her brighter Eyes.
Spread all your Wings, and hover there with Pride
O'er the beſt Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.

Digitized by Google She

She kind and gentle, as the riſing Light;
He ſtrong, and as the Mid-Day Splendor bright:
She ſoft, as are the claſping Ivy's Leaves;
He like the Oak, to which that Ivy cleaves.
Spread there your Wings, and hover there with Pride
O'er the beſt Bridegroom, and the lovelieſt Bride.
In him behold the Manly Virtues join'd,
The Sacred Arts and Sciences refin'd;
The virtuous Breaſt with early Knowledge fraught,
The Gaieties of Wit, and Depth of Thought.
In her the Graces of the gentler Kind,
Whiteneſs of Soul, and Innocence of Mind;
The lively Spirit, and the graceful Eaſe,
That ever pleaſing, ever knows to pleaſe.
Spread, Loves, your Wings, and hover there with Pride
O'er the beſt Bridegroom, and the lovelieſt Bride.
Ye happy Parents, bleſs your prudent Care;
For ſure no other Arms deſerv'd the Fair:
But when our Souls are warm'd with virtuous Fires,
A certain Providence the Choice inſpires.

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Well then ye finiſh'd what his Hand begun,
And pick'd from Thouſands this more worthy Son.

O! may the laſting Flame ſtill brighter Burn;
May the bleſs'd Day with fuller Joy return;
While in each Breaſt a ſecret Tranſport glides,
To ſee the *Mother's* Name ſucceed the *Bride's*.

Digitized by Google On

On the Death of Mr. HAWTREY.

AS when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
Sends down ſome brighter Angel from Above,
Pleas'd with the Beauties of the heav'nly Gueſt,
A while we view him, in full Glory dreſt;
But he, impatient from his Heav'n to ſtay,
Soon diſappears, and wings his airy Way:
So did'ſt thou vaniſh, eager to appear,
And ſhine triumphant in thy Native Sphere.

Yet had'ſt thou all that Virtue can beſtow,
What the Good practiſe, and the Learned know,
All that the Soul to Extaſy inſpires,
When loſt in Love ſhe pleaſantly retires,
Such Tranſports as thoſe heav'nly Mortals ſhare,
Who know not whether they are mounted there,
Or have brought Heav'n to meet them in a Pray'r.

How

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How shall I praise? How make thy Virtues known
By every Tongue commended but thy own?
Strong were thy Thoughts, yet Reason bore the Sway;
Humble, yet Learn'd; tho' Innocent, yet Gay;
All Autumn's Riches in thy Spring were found,
And blooming Youth with Hoary Wisdom crown'd;
Yet tho' so fair thy Flow'r of Life began,
It wither'd e'er it ripen'd into Man,

Thus in the Theatre the Scenes unfold
A thousand Wonders glorious to behold;
And here or there, as the Machine extends,
A Heroe rises, or a God descends;
But soon the momentary Pleasure flies,
And the gay Scenes are ravish'd from our Eyes.

Ye *Sacred Doors*, his frequent Visits tell,
Thou *Court* where *God* himself delights to dwell;
Thou *Mystick* Table, and thou Holy Feast,
How often have you seen the Sacred Guest?

How

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How oft his Soul with Heavenly Manna fed,
His Faith enliven'd, while his Sin lay Dead?
O may the Thought his Friend's Devotion raise!
O may he Imitate as well as Praise!
Awake, my heavy Soul, and upward fly,
Speak to the Saint, and meet him in the Sky,
And ask the certain Way to rise as High!

PSALM

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PSALM the VIth

PARAPHRAS'D.

LORD, when thy fearful Indignation Burns,
And all thy Mildneſs into Anger turns,
When Mercy ſleeps a while, and Juſtice wakes,
And Vengeance on the Trembling Sinner takes,
O! then, O! then, thy Triple Scourge forbear,
Thy *David*, O! thy guilty *David* ſpare.
I bend already to the galling Yoke,
Weak is my Body, and my Bones are broke;
My fleſhy Fabric, *Lord*, is all unſound,
O! pour thy healing Balm into my Wound;

Uneaſy

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Uneaſy Thoughts ſit heavy on my Breaſt,
My Soul is with the mighty Load oppreſt;
But, *Lord*, how long wilt thou deny me Reſt?
How long ſhall I unto my *God* complain?
Turn thy redeeming Hand, O! turn again!
I ſink, I ſink into the diſmal Lake!
Save me! O ſave me for thy Mercy's Sake!
On this ſide Death thy pitying Ear I crave,
For who remembers thee within the Grave?
Can the mute Tomb its thankful Off'rings raiſe,
Or breathleſs Clay grow eloquent, and praiſe?
Repeated Sighs my ſickly Body wear,
And ſtrong Convulſive Groans my Entrails tear;
My Tears perpetual as the Night-Dew fall,
Water my Couch, and waſh my Bed with Gall;
Sorrow has all my Blood and Spirits drunk,
My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are ſunk.
My taunting Enemies around me boaſt,
Deride my former Strength, and Vigour loſt;

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But haſte away! ye impious Scorners, fly,
The *Lord* in Pity has obſerv'd my Cry;
The *Lord* again his bended Suppliant hears,
Grants his Petition, and receives his Tears:
My ſcornful *Foes* ſhall tremble at his Name,
And in their ſudden Flight confeſs their Shame.

TO

TO THE

Lady *W—y M—e,*

UPON HER

POEMS

Being publish'd without a Name.

NO Critick's Wit, or Cenſure can accuſe
Unbrib'd Applauſes to an unknown *Muſe*;
The Worth of Prailes bears one certain Mark,
And, like good Deeds, are leaſt in the Dark:
Had we beheld the Beauties you poſſeſs,
We might give *more* — and yet *You* merit *leſs*;

Coxcombs and Fops might say, to our Disgrace,
We writ not to your Head —— but to your Face.

Such Praise is yours, as when some *Angel* sings,
Hiding his Heavenly Form beneath his wings,
We know not whom to thank, yet ravish'd, hear,
And call the Soul to listen at the Ear.

Great Minds are Secret; but the Vain stand forth,
And call the Publick to commend their Worth;
Strangers to Pleasures of a Soul refin'd,
They love *Fame*'s Trumpet for the Noise, and Wind.
Thus *Insects* play and hover in the Light,
While the bold *Eagle* mounts beyond our Sight.
Thus Streams in Subterraneous Channels glide,
Yet paint the Meadows in their Summer Pride;
The Swain unknowing mows the fertile Green,
And reaps the Blessings of a Pow'r unseen.

The

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The Fifth ELEGY *of the* Firſt Book of CATULLUS.

To DELIA.

IN a Hot Fit I boaſted I could bear
A Woman's Anger, and deſpiſe the Fair:
But Coward I, am all unmann'd again;
A ſudden Frenzy works my madding Brain.
Raging, I move, like whirling Tops, around,
Which ſportive Boys keep giddy on the Ground.

Puniſh my Pride, and teach me, by my Pain,
To uſe my Miſtreſs in an humbler Strain.
Yet ſpare me; by our Joys I beg for Grace,
By *Venus*, by Thy own more lovely Face!

For

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For I, when wasting Sickness seiz'd my Fair,
Sav'd the Dear Suff'rer by my happy Pray'r;
Then, when the *Beldam*, with extended Arms,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and mutter'd o'er her Charms,
I purify'd Thee round with Sulph'rous Streams,
I burnt the Barley-Cake to guard Thy Dreams.
Nine Times, all loosely dress't, with Vows Divine
At Midnight I address'd *Diana*'s Shrine.
All Things I did, that could my Passion prove,
And yet, — Another now enjoys my Love,
His is the Harvest of my constant Cares,
And His the Fruit of my successful Pray'rs.

But I, poor Wretch, if Thou wert well again,
Flatter'd my self with Golden Dreams, in vain.—
I fancy'd how I would from Town retreat,
And carry *Delia* to my Country-Seat.
She will, I cry'd, o'erlook my Harvest-Store,
While the full Ears are grinding on the Floor.

She

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She, while the Workmen at the Vintage toil,
Will guard the Casks, and on the Pressers smile.
Or learn to count my Flock upon the Plain,
Or grow familiar with my Houshold Train:
Hear my Slaves prattle, let the playful Boy
Lean on her Breast, and with his Mistress toy:
Or condescend to learn, at leisure Hours,
To bring fit Offrings to the Rural Pow'rs;
Grapes at the Vintage, Corn at Harvest bear,
And give a Victim for the woolly Care.
May She rule all my House, I cattles roam,
Happy in being *No Body at Home!*
Hither shalt thou, *Messala*, come; for Thee
Delia shall cull the Fairest, Choicest Tree:
She, with Officious Pride, shall still attend,
And spread the Table for my noble Friend:
And, in Regard of his exalted State,
Herself turn Servant, and in Person wait.
Such was the Scheme of Pleasure I design'd,
But, ah! my Pray'rs are scatter'd by the Wind.

Since

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Since This, I try'd to drink away my Cares;
But cruel Grief turn'd ev'ry Draught to Tears.
As often have I try'd Another's Kiss;
But, in the Moment of approaching Bliss,
Venus reminded Me of *Delia*'s Charms,
And left me languid in the Fair One's Arms.
The disappointed *Dame* my Weakness tells,
Then says, that I am curs'd by Magick Spells.
And curs'd I am; my Curses are the Charms
Of *Delia*'s Hair, and Neck, and waxen Arms.
Such was fair *Thetis*, when the Sea-green Dame
To *Peleus* on a bridled *Dolphin* came.

But my Misfortune is, a Wealthy Fool,
And a damn'd Bawd, have made me *Delia*'s Tool.
For the damn'd Bawd, may Poison taint her Blood,
May rotten Carcasses be all her Food!
May Screech-Owls fright her with their Midnight (Cries,
And wailing Spectres skim before her Eyes!

May

May She the bitter Pangs of Hunger feel,
Rob Dog-Kennels, and Graves, to make a Meal!
May She howl Mad, and Naked thro' the Town,
And rav'nous Blood-Hounds hunt the *Beldam* down!

This to the *Bawd*. Ye Gods, regard my Pray'r,
And, lo! they do: For Lovers are their Care,
Neglected Truth a sure Resentment draws,
And *Venus* will revenge the faithful Cause.

But Thou, my Fair, the *Bawd's* Advice remove,
For Gold and Presents are the Bane of Love,
The *Poor* will ever on thy Side attend,
The truest Lover, and sincerest Friend;
He'll be your Guard, conduct you safe along,
Free from the Rudeness of the pressing Throng.
He, to conceal your Pleasures, will descend,
Nay, help Undress you for a private Friend.
Alas! I sing in vain; in vain I wait;
Money, not Words, must move the stubborn Gate.

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But Thou, now happy in my *Delia*'s Smiles,
I warn Thee, fence againſt thy Rival's Wiles:
Fortune is light, and often changes Hands;
Ev'n *Now*, with ſome Deſign, *that* Fellow ſtands,
Who watches at her Gate with careful Eyes,
And now before, and now behind Him ſpies;
Paſſes the Houſe with a pretended Haſte,
And in a little Time returns as faſt,
And hems, before the Door, at ev'ry Caſt.
Inventive Love deſigns ſome artful Plot,
Some Stratagem of War, I know not What.
But you improve your Minutes while you may,
Yet know, you *Anchor* in a *doubtful Bay*.

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AN APOLOGY FOR Loving a *Widow.*

TELL me not *Celia* once did Bleſs
Another Mortal's Arms;
That cannot make *My* Paſſion leſs,
Nor mitigate *Her* Charms.

Shall I refuſe to quench My Thirſt,
Depending Life to ſave,
Becauſe ſome droughty Shepherd firſt
Has kiſs'd the ſmiling Wave?

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No, no, methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,
And suits a Noble Blood,
To have in *Love*, as well as *State*,
A *Taster* to Our *Food*.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

CRUEL GIFT, a Tragedy.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

Written in the Year 1717.

THIS *Play* (I wonder how *the Thing* could hold!)
Is, if I reckon right, Two Winters old;
It ſhould have courted you the laſt hard Froſt,
But you in *Ice* and *Politicks* were loſt,
Two ſlipp'ry *Things*—Some know it to their Coſt.
The prudent Mother, therefore, with good Reaſon,
Wean'd not this Child before a better Seaſon:
Well-pleas'd, ſhe ſees the Madneſs of the Age
Spent in an Impotent Succeſsleſs Rage.

From

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From civil Life transfer your Horrors *here*,
And give to *Tragedy* its proper Sphere.

Our *Woman* says, for 'tis a *Woman's* Wit,
(That *single Word* will gain us half the *Pit*)
This is her first Attempt in *Tragick-Stuff*;
And here's *Intrigue*, and *Plot*, and *Love* enough.
The Devil's in it, if the *Sex* can't write
Those Things in which *They* take the most Delight;
If she has touch'd these *Scenes* with artful Care,
Be kind, and all her smaller Failings spare.
The *Ladies* sure will ease a *Woman's* Fears
For common Pity's Sake, the *Men* for Theirs.

On Hopes like these her *Tragedy* depends,
Not on confed'rate Clubs of clapping Friends,
Dispos'd in Parties to support her Cause,
And Bully you by Noise into Applause.
If she must sue, she scorns those vulgar Arts,
But fain by nobler Means would win your *Hearts*;

Tell

* Written by Mrs. Centlivre.

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Tell you she wears her Country in her Breast,
And is as firmly *Loyal* as the *Best*;
Then bid your *Hearts* their kindest Pray'rs convey,
And meet your coming *Monarch* on his Way;
Who, from one Peaceful Journey, brings us more
Than our long List of Conq'ring *Kings* before;
For ne'er did *Britain*'s Hopes so highly Tow'r,
Or promise such a glorious Stretch of Pow'r,
As on that Day, which shall to Council bring
The *Bravest Senate*, and the Greatest *King*;
Whose rip'ning Schemes shall distant Nation's Rule,
Make *Tyrants* Tremble, and *Divans* grow Cool:
To *Britain*'s Ensigns then, as They Decree,
The World shall strike by *Land*, as well as *Sea*.

EPI-

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EPILOGUE

TO THE

Artful Husband, a Comedy.

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

GAllants, without a Length of Formal Speeches,
How did you like Me in my Sparkish Breeches?
Did not my Motions promise Manly Pleasure,
And seem to signify much Hidden Treasure?
Alas! alas! my Buxom Widow thought
She had a Bargain in the *Thing* she bought.
You all well know their Consciences, but still
It is the Trial proves the Fencer's Skill:
And when it came to That, upon my Word,
I wav'd the Fight, because I had no *Sword*.

Oh!

Digitized by Google

O! 'twas a lovely Scene between us Two,
When Stocking toſs'd, the Company withdrew.
How oft my wiſhing Widow cry'd, *My Dear,*
And toſs'd, and ſigh'd, and whiſper'd in my Ear;
While I, pretending Sleep, the Pillow preſs'd,
And left my *Phœnix* burning in her Neſt.
You ſaw how in the Morning ſhe behav'd,
True to her Sex, how like a Wife ſhe rav'd:
The Copy of thoſe Lectures at your Houſes,
From the ſhrill Tongues of diſappointed Spouſes.
Well, when that Part was over, ſomething ſtill
Was wanting to compleat a *Woman's Will,*
To change the Words, *For Better and for Worſe,*
Into the comfortable Sound, *Divorce.*
This I perform'd too with that dext'rous Art,
I got Two Fortunes, and One Lover's Heart.

No more, ye Beauties, then theſe Shifts deſpiſe,
But ſtoop to wear the *Breeches* deep Diſguiſe.

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If *before* Wedlock they deserve this Praise,
You're sure to wear 'em *after*, all your Days.
But now the Secret's out, and it is plain
That I am downright *Woman* once again.
You *Men* are fancying the Ways and Means
To prove the Truth of this behind the Scenes:
But work not faith the Cunning of your Brains,
You'll have but juft your Labour for your Pains;
For it is hard, if I, who you all know
Have bit a *Widow*, cannot bite a *Beau*.

To

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To Major PACK, *upon Reading his* POEMS.

SWay'd by the vulgar Tide, (forgive the Wrong)
I thought before I heard your pow'rful Song,
In noiſy *War* the Muſes Voice was Mute,
Nor hop'd to find the *Trumpet* near the *Lute.*
But now I ſee, from thy melodious Lays,
The *Laurel* well may mingle with the *Bays*;
The *Warriour's Oak* may tremble on the *Creſt*,
And yet the *Lover's Myrtle* ſhade the *Breaſt.*

Minerva thus in *Homer's* Camp is ſeen;
How the Maid threatens with a Warlike Mien;
Now in ſoft Words perſwades the giddy Throng,
And melts in Muſick on *Ulyſſes's* Tongue.

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So on the Bosom of the *Thames* unite
The Fruits of gentle *Peace*, and Pomp of *Fight*.
Here breathe the Spicy Gums from *India*'s Shores,
In Thunder there the *Royal Navy* Roars.

May *Britain* never want such Sons as you,
To Fight her Battels, and Record them too.
Tyrtæus so led *Sparta*'s Soldiers on,
Then sung the Trophies which himself had won.
Be this thy Double Praise; While we commend
The *Wars* you Write, the *Freedom* you Defend.

F I N I S.

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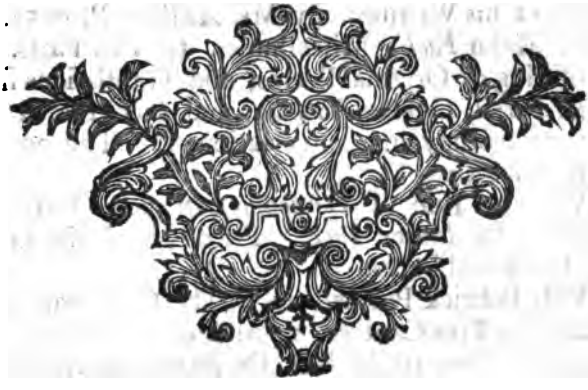

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